MORCEAUX CHOISIS

EN PROSE ET EN VERS

DES CLASSIQUES ANGLAIS

Publiés

Pour répondre aux programmes des lycées

PAR F. G. EICHHOFF

Ancien inspecteur de l'Académie de Paris
Ancien professeur de faculté

Nouvelle édition

TROISIÈME SÉRIE

À L'USAGE DES CLASSES DE RHÉTORIQUE

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LIBRAIRIE HACHETTE ET Cie

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PRÉFACE.

Un arrêté ministériel, en instituant l'étude des langues vivantes dans toutes les classes des lycées et des colléges, depuis la huitième jusqu'à la rhétorique, a assigné à ces Morceaux choisis leur véritable place dans l'enseignement. Destinés dès l'origine aux élèves d'humanités, qui ne devaient s'en occuper que pendant trois ans, prescrits pour l'examen du baccalauréat ès sciences, les trois volumes de ce Recueil ont été proportionnés à l'aptitude de jeunes esprits cultivés, auxquels ils vont devenir désormais d'autant plus utiles qu'ils seront précédés d'études préparatoires.

C'est dans ce but que nous venons de publier, pour les classes de grammaire, des *Cours de Versions et de Thèmes*, ainsi que des Vocabulaires de racines. L'excellente mesure qui a généralisé et consolidé l'enseignement des langues modernes permettra aux élèves de sixième et de cinquième d'acquérir, par la pratique de phrases usuelles, les premiers éléments de ces langues, qu'ils pourront appliquer, en quatrième ou en troisième, en seconde, en rhé-

torique ou en mathématiques, à la traduction de ces Morceaux gradués.

L'intelligence plus complète des textes, facilitée par des notions préliminaires, portera ainsi les élèves mieux instruits à bien prononcer, à bien sentir, à bien s'approprier ces modèles, puisés dans les meilleurs auteurs et éprouvés par vingt années de succès; et nous pourrons dès lors nous flatter qu'ils trouveront autant de plaisir à les lire, que nous en avons pris à les choisir pour eux.

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PROSE

MORCEAUX CHOISIS

DES

CLASSIQUES ANGLAIS.

TROISIÈME SÉRIE.

PROSE.

I.

FABLES ET ALLÉGORIES.

LE VAUTOUR ET SES PETITS.

An old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes: you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowls, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are

laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."—" Tell us," said the young vultures, " where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"—" He is too bulky," said the mother; " when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."—" Since man is so big," said the young ones," how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear; by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?"—" We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, " and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture."—" But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil," why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?"—" Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species."—" If man kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, " what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?"—" Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you

when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."—" But still," said the young one, " I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter: I would never kill what I could not eat."—" My child," said the mother, " this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and the setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the fallen acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover most closely round them pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such preeminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures."

S. Johnson.

L'ANGLETERRE ET L'ÉCOSSE.

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss Peg to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab apple, a sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used : now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; yet miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart! It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of great misfortunes to them both.

J. Arbuthnot.

II.

MAXIMES ET RÉFLEXIONS.

CONSEILS AUX ORATEURS.

In describing of persons, there ought always a comeliness to be used, so that nothing be spoken which may be thought is not in them. As if one should describe Henry the Sixth, he might call him gentle, mild of nature, led by persuasion, and ready to forgive, careless for wealth, suspecting none, merciful to all, fearful in adversity, and without forecast to espy his misfortune. Again, for Richard the Third, I might bring him in cruel of heart, ambitious by nature, envious of mind, a deep dissembler, a close man for weighty matters, hardy to revenge, and fearful to lose his high estate, trusty to none, liberal for a purpose; casting still the worst, and hoping ever for the best. By this figure, also, we imagine a talk for some one to speak, and according to his person we frame the oration. As if one should bring in noble Henry the Eighth, of famous memory, to inveigh against rebels, thus he might order his oration: " What if Henry the Eighth were alive and saw such rebellion in the realm, would he not say thus and thus? Yea, methinks I hear him speak even now." And so set forth such words as we would have him to say.

Th. Wilson.

CONSEILS D'UN PÈRE A SON FILS.

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee. For he that putteth his hand to the purse for every

expense of household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve ; and, what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand. For there is one penny saved in four, betwixt buying in thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen or friends, or men entreated to stay; for they expect much and do little: nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well and pay them with the most; and then thou mayst boldly require service at their hands.

Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table. Grace them with thy countenance and further them in all honest actions : for by this means thou shalt so double the band of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but, in an adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. But, if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour, or a friend, but of a stranger, where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word : for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

Lord Burleigh.

MAXIMES POLITIQUES.

Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, are but sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of people be warlike.

It is vain to think that a handful of people can, with the greatest courage and policy in the world, embrace too large an extent of territory : it may hold for a time, but it will fail suddenly.

It is certain that sedentary and within-door arts and deli cate manufactures, that require the finger rather than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition; and generally all warlike people are a little idle, and love danger better than work; neither must they be too much broken off it, if they shall be preserved in vigour. Therefore it was of great advantage in the ancient states of Sparta, Athens, Rome, that they had the use of slaves, which commonly did rid free men of those manufactures.

Above all things, good policy is to be used, that the treasures and moneys of a state be not gathered into few hands; for otherwise a state may have a great stock and yet starve —and money is like muck, not good except it be spread.

F. Bacon.

DES ÉTUDES LITTÉRAIRES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the

humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that which he doth not.

F. Bacon.

DU CHOIX DES MOTS.

Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining. Nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years,

and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newest of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so doat upon, but the ancient custom? Yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom: for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar: but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned: a custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strew houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow, where though the mere grass and greenness delight, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify.

Ben Jonson.

DES PLAINTES INJUSTES.

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself! Yet if, as Socrates said, all the men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art. If some Jupiter should say, to give us all content:—

Well, be 't so then : you, master soldier,
Shall be a merchant; you, sir lawyer,
A country gentleman; go you to this,
That side you; why stand ye? — It 's well as 't is.

Every man knows his own, but not others' defects and

miseries; and 't is the nature of all men still to reflect upon themselves, their own misfortunes, not to examine or consider other men's, not to confer themselves with others: to recount their miseries, but not their good gifts, fortunes, benefits, which they have; to ruminate on their adversity, but not once to think on their prosperity, not what they have, but what they want: to look still on them that go before, but not on those infinite numbers that come after; whereas many a man would think himself in heaven, a petty prince, if he had but the least part of that fortune which thou so much repinest at, abhorrest, and accountest a most vile wretched estate. How many thousands want that which thou hast? How many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living, of such as labour in body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain, all which thou art free from? *O fortunatos nimium bona si sua nôrint;* thou art most happy if thou couldst be content, and acknowledge thy happiness. *Rem carendo, non fruendo, cognoscimus;* when thou shalt hereafter come to want that which thou now loathest, abhorrest, and art weary of, and tired with, when 't is past thou wilt say thou wast most happy: and, after a little miss, wish with all thine heart thou hadst the same content again, mightst lead but such a life, a world for such a life; the remembrance of it is pleasant. Be silent then, rest satisfied, *desine, intuensque in aliorum infortunia, solare mentem;* comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes, and as the moldiwarpe in Æsop told the fox complaining for want of a tail, amid the rest of his companions, *tacete, quando me oculis captum videtis;* you complain of toys, but I am blind, be quiet. I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and

comfort again. Confer thine estate with others: *Similes aliorum respice casus, mitius ista feres.* Be content, and rest satisfied; for thou art well in respect of others; be thankful for that thou hast, that God hath done for thee; he hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might, but a man, a Christian, such a man; consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art.

R. Burton.

L'AGE DE RAISON.

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or marry, but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called of age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because

he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cockboat to a whale, only to play withal: but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and worn out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

J. Taylor.

LE CONTENTEMENT.

Though a contented mind enlargeth the dimension of little things; and unto some, it is wealth enough not to be poor; and others are well content if they be but rich enough to be honest, and to give every man his due: yet fall not into that obsolete affectation of bravery, to throw away thy money, and to reject all honours and honourable stations in this courtly and splendid world. Old generosity is superannuated, and such contempt of the world out of date. No man is now like to refuse the favour of great ones, or be content to say unto princes: Stand out of my sun! And if there be any of such antiquated resolutions, they are not likely to be tempted out of them by great ones: and it is fair if they escape the name of hypochondriacs from the genius of latter times, unto whom contempt of the world is the most contemptible opinion; and to be able, like Bias, to carry all they have about them, were to be the eighth wise man. However, the old tetric philosophers looked always with indignation upon such a face of things; and observing the unnatural current of riches, power, and honour in the world, and withal the imperfection and demerit of persons often advanced unto them, were tempted unto angry opinions, that affairs were ordered more by

stars than reason, and that things went on rather by lottery than election.

Th. Browne.

PENSÉES DIVERSES.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on : for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my conditions and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. The mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introductions or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man.

Th. Browne.

DE L'ÉDUCATION.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes

the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that run through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their master, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? and what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put

them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?... To return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure : sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias, or a Praxiteles, could not give several nice touches and finishes.

J. Addison.

DE LA GRAVITÉ.

Mankind may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For although laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauties whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing that, in his youth, he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth : " Be serious! "

After all, were a man's temper at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon : human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

J. Addison.

RÈGLES DE CONDUITE.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men : mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool : if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will, the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once, are the never-failing signs of a little frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passions of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as show them.

Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

In your friendship and in your enmities let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds : make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business !

Smooth your way to the head through the heart. Be scrupulously jealous of the purity of your moral character: keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied, and it will be unsuspected. Defamation and calumny never attack where there is no weak place; they magnify, but they do not create.

Seneca says, very prettily, that one should ask nothing of God but what one should be willing that men should know; nor of men, but what one should be willing that God should know.

Lord Chesterfield.

DES GRACES DU STYLE.

Virgil has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the Georgics, or at least it is more sensible there, from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture; but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age; and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil tossed about his *dung* with an air of majesty! A style may be excellent, without grace : for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may besto wan immortal style and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or constitutes, grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakspeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque or buffoonery, even when his humour descended to characters that, in any other hands, would have been vulgarly low. Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison, but, having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in every thing, in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and probably in music

and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style: the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's odes.

Waller owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat: but a few of his small pieces are as graceful as possible; one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that if his Angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo of Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici, as his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus, might be denoted from the three Graces; as the Italians give singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression the swan leaves is that of grace—so does Racine.

H. Walpole.

DIVISION DU TRAVAIL.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country? How much commerce, and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool: the miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce

them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grat at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different ands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these tings, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and cooperation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

Adam Smith.

CONNAISSANCE DES CARACTÈRES.

I cannot say much of friendship as giving an insight into character, because it is often founded on mutual infirmities and prejudices. Friendships are frequently taken up on some sudden sympathy, and we see only as much as we please of one another's characters afterwards. Intimate friends are not fair witnesses to character, any more than professed enemies. They cool, indeed, in time, part, and retain only a rankling grudge at past errors and oversights. Their testimony, in the latter case, is not quite free from suspicion.

One would think that near relations, who live constantly together, and always have done so, must be pretty well acquainted with one another's character. They are nearly in the dark about it. Familiarity confounds all traits of distinction : interest and prejudice take away the power of judging. We have no opinion on the subject, any more than of one another's faces. The Penates, the household gods, are veiled. We do not see the features of those we love, nor do we clearly discern their virtues or their vices. We take them, as they are found, in the lump—by weight, and not by measure. We know all about the individuals, their sentiments, history, manners, words, actions, every thing; but we know all these too much as facts, as inveterate, habitual impressions, as clothed with too many associations, as sanctified with too many affections, as woven too much into the web of our hearts, to be able to pick out the different threads, to cast up the items of the debtor and creditor account, or to refer them to any general standard of right and wrong. Our impressions with respect to them are too strong, too real, too much *sui generis*, to be capable of a comparison with any thing but themselves. We hardly inquire whether those for whom we are thus interested, and

to whom we are thus knit, are *better* or *worse* than others — the question is a kind of profanation — all we know is, they are *more* to us than any one else can be. Our sentiments of this kind are rooted and grow in us, and we cannot eradicate them by voluntary means. Besides, our judgments are bespoke, our interests take part with our blood. If any doubt arises, if the veil of our implicit confidence is drawn aside by any accident for a moment, the shock is too great, like that of a dislocated limb, and we recoil on our habitual impressions again. Let not that veil ever be rent entirely asunder, so that those images may be left bare of reverential awe, and lose their religion : for nothing can ever support the desolation of the heart afterwards !

W. Hazlitt.

L'INSTRUCTION CLASSIQUE.

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education, will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers, whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. For instance, although some provision is undoubtedly made for acquiring a knowledge of modern history, yet the History of Greece and Rome is more studied than that of France and England; and Homer and Virgil are certainly much more attended to than Shakspeare and Milton. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others, who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reasons for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized man, it is manifest that they must

have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed, since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the *same* reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general after a few generations would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connection and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is, in all the essential points of its constitution, our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam engines, no printing-presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a

perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man.

Now, when it is said that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes, and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

Th. Arnold.

L'INFLUENCE MATERNELLE.

Fathers, absorbed in their occupations, can but rarely attract their offspring. The first durable impressions of our moral existence come from the mother. The first prudential wisdom to which genius listens falls from her lips, and only her caresses can create the moments of tenderness.

The earnest discernment of a mother's love survives in the imagination of manhood. The mother of Sir William Jones, having formed a plan for the education of her son, withdrew from great connexions that she might live only for that son. Her great principle of education was, to excite by curiosity ; the result could not fail to be knowledge. " Read, and you will know," she constantly replied to her filial pupil. And we have his own acknowledgment that to this maxim, which produced the habit of study, he was indebted for his future attainments. Kant, the German metaphysician, was always fond of declaring that he owed to the ascendency of his mother's character the severe inflexibility of his moral principles. The mother of Burns kindled his genius by reciting the old Scottish ballads, while to his father he attributed his less pleasing cast of character. Bishop Watson traced to the affectionate influence of his mother the religious feelings which he confesses he inherited from her. The mother of Edgeworth, confined through life to her apartment, was the only person who studied his constitutional volatility. When he hastened to her death-bed, the last imperfect accents of that beloved voice reminded him of the past and warned him of the future, and he declares that voice " had a happy influence on his habits" — as happy, at least, as his own volatile nature would allow. " To the manner in which my mother formed me at an early age," said Napoleon, " I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."

I. Disraeli.

LA VRAIE PROBITÉ.

It is true that honesty is the best policy; but he who is honest only out of policy, does not come up even to the vulgar notion of a virtuous man. If a man were tempted by the opportunity of gaining a large estate through a safe

but fraudulent proceeding, the utilitarian doctrine would seem to recommend him to weigh both sides well, though it would direct him in conclusion to decide in favour of probity; but the common judgment of mankind would hardly deem him honest if he hesitated at all. And in like manner in regard to other temptations, the safety of virtue appears to consist so little in tracing all possible consequences, that it has been held, that to deliberate is to be lost, and that the only secure protection is that purity of mind which will not look at the prospect of sensual pleasure when it forms one side of the account. We cannot help saying with Cicero: "Is it not disgraceful for philosophers to hesitate where even peasants do not?"

W. Whewell.

III.

NARRATIONS.

PRÉFACE D'UN VOYAGEUR.

L'auteur parle de son voyage en Terre Sainte, et de ses motifs pour l'écrire en anglais.

And for as much as it is long time passed, that there was no general passage *ne*[1] voyage over the sea: and many men desire to hear speak of the Holy Land, and *han*[2] thereof great solace and comfort; I John Mandeville, knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1322, in the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many divers lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles, and have passed through Tatary, Persia, *Ermonye*[3] the Little and the Great, through Libya, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and More, a great part; and throughout the many other isles that *ben*[4] about Ind; where dwell many divers folks, and of divers manners and laws, and of divers shapes of men. Of which lands and isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter. And I shall devise you some part of things that there *ben*, when time shall *ben*[4] after it may best come to my mind; and specially for them that will and are in purpose for to visit the holy city of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they

1. Pour *nor*. — 2. Anc. 3e pers. du pluriel de *have*. — 3. Armenia. — 4. Ancien pluriel et ancien infinitif de *be*.

should hold thither: for I have oftentimes passed and ridden the way, with good company of many lords, God be thanked.

And ye should understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English; that every man in my nation may understand it. But lords and knights and other noble and worthy men, that *conne*[1] Latin but little, and *han ben* beyond the sea know and understand, if I err in devising, for forgetting, or else; that they may redress it and amend it.

J. Mandeville.

L'ABUS DES TAXES.

And *how so be it* that the French king reigneth upon his people *dominio regali,* yet St. Lewis, sometime king there, *ne any* of his progenitors, set never *talys*[2] or other impositions upon the people of that land, without the assent of the three estates, which, when they may be assembled, are like to the court of parliament in England. And this order kept many of his successors till late days, that Englishmen made such a war in France, that the three estates durst not come together. And then for that cause, and for great necessity which the French king had of goods for the defence of that land, he took upon him to set *talys* and other impositions upon the commons, without the assent of the three estates; but yet he would not set any such charges, nor hath set upon the nobles, for fear of rebellion. And because the commons though they have grudged have not rebelled, nor be hardy to rebel, the French kings have yearly *sithen*[3] set such charges upon them, and so augmented the same charges, as the same commons be so impoverished and destroyed, that they may *unneth*[4] live. They drink water, eat apples, with bread right brown made of

1. Know. — 2. Taxes. — 3. Since. — 4. Uneasily.

rye. They eat no flesh, *but if*[1] it be *selden*[2], a little lard, or of the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, *but if* it be a poor coat, under their uttermost garment, made of great canvass, and *passen*[3] not their knee. Wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their wives and children *gone*[4] barefoot; they may in none otherwise live.

J. Fortescue.

FÊTE A LA COUR DE JACQUES Ier.

Représentation de la Reine de Saba.

One day a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon's temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas ! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's cap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the present of the queen, which had been bestowed upon his garments; such as wine, cream, jellies, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper cham-

1. Unless. — 2. Seldom. — 3. Passing. — 4. Go.

bers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity : Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity : Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition : Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed : in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts; but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and, by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto her attendants; and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

J. Harrington.

VISITE A LADY JEANNE GREY.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pas-

time in the park? Smiling, she answered me: "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."—"And how came you, Madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?"—"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

R. Ascham.

EXÉCUTION DE MARIE STUART.

On Tuesday the 7th of February 1587, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her

to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot." And laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though over-awed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and

another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time, she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants.

She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck, her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there, Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied: "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing; thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son:

tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood!"

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceful reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus! were extended on the cross; so, with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on

the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out : "*So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!*" the Earl of Kent alone answered : "*Amen.*" The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

W. Robertson.

MORT DE LA REINE ÉLISABETH.

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was pre-

vailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation: she even refused food and sustenance; and throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more parti-

cularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman. the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

D. Hume.

LE TRIBUN RIENZI.

But such voluntary obedience evaporates with the first transports of zeal; and Rienzi felt the importance of justifying his usurpation by a regular form and a legal title. At his own choice the Roman people would have displayed their attachment and authority by lavishing on his head the names of senator or consul, of king or emperor; he preferred the ancient and modest appellation of tribune: the protection of the commons was the essence of that sacred office; and they were ignorant that it had never been invested with any share in the legislative or executive powers of the republic. In this character, and with the consent of the Romans, the tribune enacted the most salutary laws for the restoration and maintenance of the good estate. By the first he fulfils the wish of honesty and inexperience, that no civil suit should be protracted beyond the term of fifteen days. The danger of frequent perjury might justify the pronouncing against a false accuser the same penalty which his evidence would have inflicted; the disorders of the times might compel the legislator to punish every homicide with death, and every injury with equal retaliation. But the execution of justice was hopeless till he had previously abolished the tyranny of the nobles. It was formally provided,

that none, except the supreme magistrate, should possess or command the gates, bridges, or towers of the state; that no private garrisons should be introduced into the towns or castles of the Roman territory; that none should bear arms, or presume to fortify their houses, in the city or country; that the barons should be responsible for the safety of the highways, and the free passage of provisions; and that the protection of malefactors and robbers should be expiated by a fine of a thousand marks of silver. But these regulations would have been impotent and nugatory, had not the licentious nobles been awed by the sword of the civil power. A sudden alarm from the bell of the Capitol could still summon to the standard above twenty thousand volunteers; the support of the tribune and the laws required a more regular and permanent force. In each harbour of the coast, a vessel was stationed for the assurance of commerce; a standing militia of three hundred and sixty horse and thirteen hundred foot was levied, clothed, and paid in the thirteen quarters of the city; and the spirit of a commonwealth may be traced in the grateful allowance of one hundred florins, or pounds, to the heirs of every soldier who lost his life in the service of his country. For the maintenance of the public defence, for the establishment of granaries, for the relief of widows, orphans, and indigent convents, Rienzi applied, without fear of sacrilege, the revenues of the Apostolic Chamber; the three branches of hearth-money, the salt-duty, and the customs, were each of the annual produce of one hundred thousand florins; and scandalous were the abuses if in four or five months the amount of the salt-duty could be trebled by his judicious economy. After thus restoring the forces and finances of the republic, the tribune recalled the nobles from their solitary independence; required their personal appearance in the Capitol; and imposed an oath of allegiance to the new government, and of submission to the laws of the good estate. Apprehensive for their safety,

but still more apprehensive of the danger of a refusal, the princes and barons returned to their houses at Rome in the garb of simple and peaceful citizens. *** It was the boast of Rienzi, that he had delivered the throne and patrimony of St. Peter from a rebellious aristocracy; and Clement the Sixth, who rejoiced in its fall, affected to believe the professions, to applaud the merits, and to confirm the title of his trusty servant. The speech, perhaps the mind, of the tribune, was inspired with a lively regard for the purity of the faith; he insinuated his claim to a supernatural mission from the Holy Ghost; enforced by a heavy forfeiture the annual duty of confession and communion; and strictly guarded the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of his faithful people.

Never perhaps has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden, though transient, reformation of Rome by the tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent: patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church, protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortification of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous, and of being unable, to protect a criminal. A mule, with a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord of the Ursini family was condemned to restore the damage, and to discharge a fine of four hundred florins, for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses; and, either from accident or design, the same impartial rigour was exercised against the

heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Ursini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tiber. His name, the purple of two cardinals his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease, were disregarded by the inflexible tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed; his trial was short and satisfactory; the bell of the Capitol convened the people : stript of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Ursini was led away to the gallows. After such an example, none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity, and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and territory of Rome. In this time (says the historian) the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway. As soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labours and rewards of industry spontaneously revive : Rome was still the metropolis of the Christian world; and the fame and fortunes of the tribune were diffused in every country by the strangers who had enjoyed the blessings of his government.

E. Gibbon.

LA CHEVALERIE.

That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most

peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished : it contributed to polish and soften Europe; it paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that "feudal and chivalrous" system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still

operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interest, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

J. Mackintosh.

LE LONG PARLEMENT.

The Long Parliament, however we are accustomed to speak of it by one general appellation, underwent many revolutions. It first met, frequent and full, in the close of the year 1640. It the second year of its existence, on the commencement of the civil war, it underwent a grievous defalcation of its numbers, in consequence of which the king called together what has been styled the anti-parliament, at Oxford, in January 1644, where one hundred and eighteen commoners gave in their names. In 1647 it suffered external violence, first, from a tumult of the citizens, which induced the speakers, with a number of the members of the two houses, to withdraw from the metropolis; and, secondly, from the army, who restored the speakers, and drove away several members who had favoured the tumult. Lastly came the *purging* of the House of Commons, in December 1648, immediately before the king's trial.

Yet amidst all these revolutions, from the hour of their first assembling to their final dispersion by Cromwell, the parliament preserved in a certain degree the same character, were the resolute adversaries of despotism and prerogative, and the strenuous supporters of a government and political condition which should repose on the basis of freedom

It is almost impossible for words to do justice to the labours of the Long Parliament. Early after its commencement, above forty committees were appointed to investigate and prepare so many different subjects for the consideration of the House of Commons; and as these committees upon an average consisted of twenty persons, and sometimes of double that number, almost every member must be supposed to be upon some committee, and the same member was often upon several. The house usually sat in the morning; the committees in the evening. The larger committees had a power of appointing sub-committees of their own body, either for expedition, or for a more accurate examination of the subjects that came before them.

W. Godwin.

MÊME SUJET.

Cromwell's resolution was immediately formed; and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences, both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison :—" This is the time : I must do it;" and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who

had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the presbyterians, who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own purses. " But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. " Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary; language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed : " Come, come, sir! I will put an end to your prating. " For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, " You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in! " Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. " This, " cried Sir Henry Vane, " is not honest. It is against morality and common honesty." — " Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell, " O Sir Henry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then, pointing to Chaloner : " There, " he cried, " sits a drunkard;" next, to Martin and Wentworth : " There are two libertines; " and afterwards, selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the Gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the house. At these words, Colonel Harrison took the speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next com-

pelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night, that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace : "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble ? here, carry it away!" Then taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

J. Lingard.

LE COMMERCE AU MOYEN AGE.

The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige, perhaps, to be discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture; I mean, of working up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by the women upon their farms; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its currier. But there were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic; the insecurity of moveable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it; the ignorance of mutual wants; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandize, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market.

These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory which the road might intersect. Several of Charlemagne's capitularies repeat complaints of these exactions, and endeavour to abolish such tolls as were not founded on prescription. One of them rather amusingly illustrates the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge, when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place. These provisions, like most others of that age, were unlikely to produce much amendment. It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. Proofs occur, even in the latter periods of the middle ages, when government had regained its energy and civilization had made considerable progress, of public robberies systematically perpetrated by men of noble rank. In the more savage times, before the twelfth century, they were probably too frequent to excite much attention. It was a custom in some places to waylay travellers, and not only to plunder, but to sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay ransom. Harold, son of Godwin, having been wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu, was imprisoned by the lord, says an historian, "according to the custom of that territory." Germany appears to have been, upon the whole, the country where downright robbery was most unscrupulously practised by the great. Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights among the woods, became the secure receptacle of predatory bands, who spread terror over the country. From these barbarian lords of the dark ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery,

indeed, is the constant theme both of the capitularies and of the Anglo-Saxon laws; one has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst of lucre, which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.

H. Hallam.

PROSPÉRITÉ DES LETTRES EN ANGLETERRE.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away; the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid, at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronised literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his Hippolytus and Phædra failed, would have been consoled with three hundred a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only Poet Laureate, but also land-surveyor of the

customs in the Port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-mercer, became a secretary of legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles the Second, and to the City and Country Mouse, that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs, and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was secretary to the Lord Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, almost the only noble versifier in the court of Charles the Second, who possessed talents for composition which were independent of the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated, through the whole course of his life, the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke in particular, vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the House of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly

on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering, for parliamentary support, much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to devote any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons or Richardson's Pamela. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen had been mere incumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely befriended a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the minister to make room for men less able and equally immoral. The opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St. James's would give nothing; Leicester-house had nothing to give.

Thus, at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine; the thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word *poet*. Even the poorest pitied him:

and they well might pity him ; for, if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the high Allies—who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Bow.

Th. Macaulay.

IV.

DESCRIPTIONS.

LE JUGEMENT DERNIER.

In final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase, the sufferings ; and when the first day of judgment happened, that of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven ; and so it shall be at the day of jüdgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principal, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of

infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence ; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear ; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

J. Taylor.

LA PESTE DE LONDRES EN 1665.

August 30th. Abroad, and met with Hadley, our clerk, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it increases much, and much in our parish.

31st. Up, and after putting several things in order to my removal to Woolwich, the plague having a great increase this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2000, making the general bill 7000, odd 100; and the plague above 6000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the public, through the greatness of the plague every where through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the city died this week 7496, and of them 6102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10 000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of through the greatness of the number, and partly from the quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them.

September 3rd (Lord's Day). Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the vestry, at the desire of the justices of the peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up, and in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it (having put it into new clothes) to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town.

20th. To Lambeth. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river, and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! and, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is increased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8297, and of them the plague

7165; which is more in the whole by above 50 than the biggest bill yet: which is very grievous on us all.

October 16th. I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, every body talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician, and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it!

29th. In the streets did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

November 27th. I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney-coach; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark and frosty cold, and unable, being weary with my morning walk, to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost; though not above five or six o'clock at night.

30th. Great joy we have this week in the weekly bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague, so that we are encouraged to get to London as soon as we can.

January 5. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams, by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town; and porters every where bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be; mean the City end; for Covent Garden

and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no court nor gentry being there.

S. Pepys (*Diary*).

L'INCENDIE DE LONDRES EN 1666.

2d Sept. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

5d. The fire continuing after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning—I know not by what despondency or fate—they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the

air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10 000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, wch they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day.

London was, but is no more!

J. Evelyn (*Diary*).

UNE NUIT A LONDRES.

The clock has just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber

walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever-changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude will be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defenders into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! And those who appear now no

longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease. The world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulses?

O. Goldsmith.

L'ÉTOURNEAU CAPTIF.

Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I vauntingly; for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'T is true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastile is

not an evil to be despised : but strip it of its towers—fill up the fossé—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 't is some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it " could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over ; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—" I can't get out, I can't get out! " said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird ; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity—" I can't get out! " said the starling. God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will. So I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces: I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature ! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—" No, " said the starling—" I can't get out, I can't get out! " said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon

the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'T is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change! No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!

L. Sterne.

VUE DE L'ETNA.

Here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were, to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed

still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges; and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty spectacle. All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it, so that the sight is everywhere lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of Ætna, cannot be less than two thousand miles. At Malta, which is near two hundred miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain; so that at the whole elevation the horizon must extend to nearly double that distance, or four hundred miles, which makes eight hundred for the diameter of the circle, and two

thousand four hundred for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene.

Brydone (*Travels*).

LE COLYSÉE DE ROME.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire, till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and Time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the Hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and re-appears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without

straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray.

J. Forsyth.

L'ORATEUR MODÈLE.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—how awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! — is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate,—yes.

superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator, and the importance of the subject for a while superseded by the admiration of his talent. With what strength of argument, with what power of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!

To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses is unemployed, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify his energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become as it were but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is : "*Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer or die!*"

R. Sheridan.

LE FOYER DU PAUVRE.

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of alehouses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony of the fact. To the latter the very poor man resorts for an image of the home which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds, in the depth of winter, always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pit-

tance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visiters. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence, are crushed in the absorbing consideration of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and impertinent. At home, there is no larder. Here, there is at least a show of plenty; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while, he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their goodman to the door of the public-house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face—ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery—is that a face to stay at home with? Is it more a woman or a wild cat? Alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon his. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burthens

can it lighten? Oh, 't is a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard?—The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty.—But the children of the very poor do not prattle: it is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not *bring* up their children; they *drag* them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the cooperator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times.

It makes the very heart bleed to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

Ch. Lamb.

L'OISEAU MOQUEUR.

During the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal, nor man, can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is most particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of this reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up partly from the

ground, beating it with his wings; and when the business is completed, he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time—his expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly

does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy, he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, " He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect; so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

A. Wilson.

LES AMÉRICAINS DU NORD.

Among the number of my fellow-passengers from New York to Boston there were neither old nor young, at least there were no venerable gray heads or cheerful boyish faces. In no part of the United States do the people seem to arrive at the average length of life of the Old World. The great and sudden changes of temperature, while, perhaps, they stimulate the energies of those who are exposed to them, wear out the stamina of the body and exhaust its vitality. The cares of manhood and the infirmities of second childhood are equally premature, denying the population the two loveliest but most dependent stages of existence—the idle but fresh and generous morning of youth, the feeble but soft and soothing evening of old age. In this country we find even the climate in league with the practical, in its influences on the powers of man, a goad to material prosperity. The child is pushed, with a forcing power, into the duties and pursuits of maturer years; the man, when he ceases to be of active use, is hurried out of the busy scene, his part played. The cumberers of the ground are few; all work, none play. They go more awkwardly about their amusements than any people I have ever seen elsewhere; theirs is a dark and sombre path through life, though every step were on gold. Sarcastic wit will win from them a sarcastic grin; the happy conclusion of some hard-driven bargain may raise a smile of satisfaction : but the joyful burst of cheerful laughter, the glee and hilarity of a happy heart, you must go elsewhere to seek. They are not a healthy-looking race; the countenance is sallow, and marked early in life with lines of thought. The fresh, pure glow of the Saxon cheek is never seen here. The men are tall, but not robust or athletic; they have no idea of the sports of the field, and rarely or never join in any more active game than

bowls or billiards. They do not walk, if they can ride; ride, if they can drive; or drive, if they can go by railway. Mind and body, day and night, youth and age, are given up for the one pursuit of gain. But this inordinate appetite for acquiring is, in their character, deprived of some of its most odious features; it is rarely accompanied by parsimony or want of charity. I believe no people on earth can be more hospitable to their equals in worldly wealth, or more open-handed to the poor. Their establishments for the relief of the distressed are almost unrivalled in liberality and excellence of arrangement; and many among them are as lavish in their expenditure as energetic in possessing themselves of the means to supply it.

E. Warburton.

UNE MATINÉE A VENISE.

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the senate in performance of

a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1230. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude, no mortal appearing except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St. Mark form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa when looking up the piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III., and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeas was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments.

W. Beckford.

LE DIMANCHE PLUVIEUX.

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything.

in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the peopl picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further, from without, to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along : there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter! excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steam of wet box-coats. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

W. Irving.

RÊVE D'UN MANGEUR D'OPIUM.

I have been every night, of late, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes,* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life—the great *officina gentium.* Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of

sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas : and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris : I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed by cancerous crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for awhile in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight ex-

ceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life : the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions : and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way : I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear every thing when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke : it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams to the sight of innocent *human* natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could nor forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

Th. De Quincy.

LE SPHINX DE MEMPHIS.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea

from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood, will look on you with the sad serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock, if you will, at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images! that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful; and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx!

"Eothen."

V.

DÉFINITIONS ET PORTRAITS.

ÉLOGE DE LA POÉSIE.

The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many bye-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in himself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, " hoc opus hic labor est"— (" this is the grand difficulty").

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He

beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men (most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves): glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

Philip Sidney.

NÉCESSITÉ DE LA JUSTICE.

We may not, as in a circle, begin the handling of a science from what point we please. There is a certain clue of reason, whose beginning is in the dark, but, by the benefit of whose conduct we are led, as it were by the hand, into the clearest light; so that the principle of tractation is to be taken from that darkness, and then the light to be carried thither for the irradiating its doubts. As often, therefore, as any writer doth either weakly forsake that clue, or wilfully cut it asunder, he describes the footsteps, not of his progress in science, but of his wanderings from it. And upon this it was, that when I applied my thoughts to the

investigation of natural *justice*, I was presently advertised from the very word *justice*, which signifies a steady will to give every one his own, that my first enquiry was to be, from whence it proceeded that any man should call any thing rather his own than another man's; and when I found that this proceeded not from nature, but consent, for what nature at first laid forth in common, men did afterwards distribute into several impropriations; I was conducted from thence into another enquiry, namely, to what end, and upon what impulsives, when all was equally every man's in common, men did rather think it fitting that every man should have his inclosure; and I found the reason was, that from a community of goods there must needs arise contention whose enjoyment should be greater, and from that contention all kinds of calamities must unavoidably ensue, which, by the instinct of nature, every man is taught to shun. Having therefore thus arrived at two maxims of human nature, the one arising from the concupiscible part, which desires to appropriate to itself the use of those things in which all others have a joint interest; the other proceeding from the rational, which teaches every man to fly a contra-natural dissolution as the greatest mischief that can arrive to nature; which principles being laid down, I seem from them to have demonstrated by a most evident connection, in this little work of mine, first the absolute necessity of leagues and contracts, and thence the rudiments both of moral and civil prudence.

Th. Hobbes.

L'ORGUEIL.

I thank God amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father sin not only of man, but of the devil—pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed by a

world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no eathers unto mine. I have seen grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of a whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and *patois* of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon, yet I have seen a prating mariner that could only name the Pointers and the North star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside; for indeed, heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything.

Th. Browne.

LE BEL ESPRIT.

First it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which ques-

tion I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: "'T is that which we all see and know." Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder,

and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty : as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its load of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

I. Barrow.

LE SENS MORAL.

God hath discovered our duties to us by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propension and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them evidently appears by

this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as in those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind : a plain indication, that the reason of mankind is prevented by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity, of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than nature ; as, whether we ought to reverence the divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.

J. Tillotson.

LE VRAI PATRIOTE.

Neither Montaigne in writing his Essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It

is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on, and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintains no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the Forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

Lord Bolingbroke.

LE BIEN ET LE MAL.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins —and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black; so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust (and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations), yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different, even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at

Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with; or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed; no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified, such actions and have made them become good : because 't is plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the differences of the things themselves.

S. Clarke.

LE GOUT ET LE GÉNIE.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry—of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved, but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excel-

lent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting and eloquence, all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare, or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any; although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely.

H. Blair.

BIENFAITS DES LOIS.

Public safety, this inestimable good, is the distinctive mark of civilisation; it is entirely the work of the laws. Without law there is no security; consequently no abundance, nor even certain subsistence; and the only equality which can exist in such a condition is the equality of misery.

In order rightly to estimate this great benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle, without ceasing, against famine, which sometimes cuts off, in a few days, whole nations. Rivalry with respect to the means of subsistence produces among them the most cruel wars; and, like the most ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The dread of this horrible calamity destroys amongst them the gentlest sentiments of nature: pity connects itself with insensibility, in putting the old persons to death because they can no longer follow their prey.

Law alone has accomplished what all the natural feelings were not able to do; law alone has been able to create a fixed and durable possession, which deserves the

name of Property. The law alone could accustom men to submit to the yoke of foresight, at first painful to be borne, but, afterwards, agreeable and mild; it alone could encourage them in labour — superfluous at present, and which they are not to enjoy till the future. Economy has as many enemies as there are spendthrifts, or men who would enjoy without taking the trouble to produce. Labour is too painful for idleness; it is too slow for impatience: Cunning and Injustice underhandedly conspire to appropriate its fruits; Insolence and Audacity plot to seize them by open force. Hence Society, always tottering, always threatened, never at rest, lives in the midst of snares. It requires, in the legislator, vigilance continually sustained, and power always in action, to defend it against its constantly reviving crowd of adversaries.

The law does not say to a man, "*Work, and I will reward you;*" but it says to him, "*Work*, and, by stopping the hand that would take them from you, *I will insure to you the fruits of your labour, its natural and sufficient reward, which, without me, you could not preserve.*" If industry creates, it is the law which preserves; if, at the first moment, we owe every thing to labour, at the second, and every succeeding moment, we owe every thing to the law.

The laws, in creating property, have created wealth; but, with respect to poverty, it is not the work of the laws— it is the primitive condition of the human race. The man who lives only from day to day is precisely the man in a state of nature. The savage, the poor in society, I acknowledge, obtain nothing but by painful labour; but in a state of nature, what could he obtain but at the price of his toil? Has not hunting its fatigues, fishing its dangers, war its uncertainties? And if man appear to love this adventurous life—if he have an instinct greedy of these kinds of peril— if the savage rejoice in the delights of an idleness so dearly purchased—ought it to be concluded that he is more happy

than our day-labourers? No : the labour of these is more uniform, but the reward is more certain; the lot of the woman is more gentle; infancy and old age have more resources; the species multiplies in a proportion a thousand times greater, and this alone would suffice to show on which side is the superiority of happiness. Hence the laws, in creating property, have been benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty. They participate more or less in the pleasures, advantages, and resources of civilized society; their industry and labour place them among the candidates for fortune; they enjoy the pleasure of acquisition ; hope mingles with their labours. The security which the law gives them, is this of litle importance? Those who look from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are ; but, at the base of the pyramid, it is the summit which disappears in its turn. So far from making these comparisons, they dream not of them ; they are not tormented with impossibilities ; so that, all things considered, the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace. It is surprising that so judicious a writer as Beccaria should have insinuated, in a work dictated by the soundest philosophy, a doubt subversive of the social order : *The right of property*, says he, *is a terrible right, and may not, perhaps, be necessary.* Upon this right, indeed, tyrannical and sanguinary laws have been founded. It has been most frightfully abused; but the right itself presents only ideas of pleasure, of abundance, and of security. It is this right which has overcome the natural aversion to labour—which has bestowed on man the empire of the earth—which has led nations to give up their wandering habits—which has created a love of country and posterity. To enjoy quickly —to enjoy without punishment — this is the universal desire of man; this is the desire which is terrible, since it arms all those who possess nothing against those who possess

any thing. But the law, which restrains this desire, is the most splendid triumph of humanity over itself.

J. Bentham.

DE L'IMITATION.

In general, it may be remarked, that whenever we see, in the countenance of another individual, any sudden change of features, more especially such a change as is expressive of any particular passion or emotion, our own countenance has a tendency to assimilate itself to his. Every man is sensible of this when he looks at a person under the influence of laughter, or in a deep melancholy. Something too of the same kind takes place in that spasm of the muscles of the jaw which we experience in yawning; an action which is well known to be frequently excited by the contagious power of example. Even when we *conceive* in solitude the external expression of any passion, the effect of the conception is visible in our own appearance. This is a fact of which every person must be conscious who attends, in his own case, to the result of the experiment; and it is a circumstance which has been often remarked with respect to historical painters, when in the act of transferring to the canvas the glowing picture of a creative imagination.

If this general fact be admitted, it will enable us to account for a phenomenon which, although overlooked by most men from its familiarity, cannot fail to suggest an interesting subject of speculation to those who reflect on the circumstances with due attention. What I allude to is, that a mimic, without consulting a mirror, knows, by a sort of consciousness or internal feeling, the moment when he has hit upon the resemblance he wishes to exhibit. This phenomenon (which has always appeared to me an extremely curious and important one) seems to be altogether inexplicable, unless we suppose that, when the muscles of the mimic's face are

so modified as to produce the desired combination of features, he is conscious, in some degree, of the same feeling or sensation which he had when he first became acquainted with the original appearance which he has been attempting to copy.

Nor is it the *visible* appearance alone of others that we have a disposition to imitate. We copy instinctively the voices of our companions, their tones, their accents, and their modes of pronunciation. Hence that general similarity in point of air and manner, observable in all who associate habitually together, and which every man acquires in a greater or less degree; a similarity unheeded, perhaps, by those who witness it daily, and whose attention, accordingly, is more forcibly called to the nicer shades by which individuals are discriminated from each other, but which catches the eye of every stranger with incomparably greater force than the specific peculiarities which, to a closer observer, mark the endless varieties of human character.

The influence of this principle of imitation on the outward appearance is much more extensive than we are commonly disposed to suspect. It operates, indeed, chiefly on the air and movements, without producing any very striking effect on the material form in its quiescent state. So difficult, however, is it to abstract this form from its habitual accompaniments, that the members of the same community, by being accustomed to associate from their infancy in the intercourse of private life, appear, to a careless observer, to bear a much closer resemblance to each other than they do in reality; while, on the other hand, the physical diversities which are characteristical of different nations are, in hi- estimation, proportionally magnified.

The important effects of the same principle, when considered in relation to our *moral* constitution, will afterwards appear. At present I shall only remark, that the reflection which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Falstaff, with re-

spect to the manners of Justice Shallow and his attendants, and which Sir John expresses with all the precision of a philosophical *observer* and all the dignity of a moralist, may be extended to the most serious concerns of human life. " It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild geese. It is certain that *either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another;* therefore let men take heed to their company."

Of this principle of our nature Count Rumford appears to have availed himself, with much address, in his House of Industry at Munich. " In order to inspire the rising generation with an early bias towards labour, he invited parents to send their children to the establishment before they were old enough to do any kind of work; and actually paid them for doing nothing, but merely being present when others were busy around them. These children (he tells us) were placed upon seats built around the halls where other children worked, while *they* were obliged to remain idle spectators; and in this situation they soon became so uneasy at their own inactivity, that they frequently solicited with great importunity to be employed, and often cried bitterly if this favour was not instantly granted." A variety of motives, it is true, were in all probability here concerned; but much, I think, must be ascribed to sympathy and to imitation.

It is in consequence of this imitative propensity that children learn insensibly to model their habits on the appearance and manners of those with whom they are familiarly conversant. It is thus too that, with little or no aid on the part of their instructors, they acquire the use of speech, and

form their pliable organs to the articulation of whatever sounds they are accustomed to hear.

Dugald Stewart.

DU LANGAGE PHILOSOPHIQUE.

The inadequacy of the words of ordinary language for the purposes of philosophy, is an ancient and frequent complaint; of which the justness will be felt by all who consider the state to which some of the most important arts would be reduced, if the coarse tools of the common labourer were the only instruments to be employed in the most delicate operations of manual expertness. The watchmaker, the optician, and the surgeon, are provided with instruments which are fitted, by careful ingenuity, to second their skill; the philosopher alone is doomed to use the rudest tools for the most refined purposes. He must reason in words of which the looseness and vagueness are suitable, and even agreeable, in the usual intercourse of life, but which are almost as remote from the extreme exactness and precision required, not only in the conveyance, but in the search of truth, as the hammer and the axe would be unfit for the finest exertions of skilful handiwork; for it is not to be forgotten, that he must himself think in these gross words as unavoidably as he uses them in speaking to others. He is, in this respect, in a worse condition than an astronomer who looked at the heavens only with the naked eye, whose limited and partial observation, however it might lead to error, might not directly, and would not necessarily deceive. He might be more justly compared to an arithmetician compelled to employ numerals not only cumbrous, but used so irregularly to denote different quantities, that they not only often deceive others, but himself.

J. Mackintosh.

ÉLOGE DE LA CHIMIE.

Waving all common utility, all vulgar applications, there is something in knowing and understanding the operations of nature, some pleasure in contemplating the order and harmony of the arrangements belonging to the terrestrial system of things. There is no absolute utility in poetry; but it gives pleasure, refines and exalts the mind. Philosophic pursuits have likewise a noble and independent use of this kind; and there is a double reason offered for pursuing them, for, whilst in their sublime speculations they reach to the heavens, in their application they belong to the earth; whilst they exalt the intellect, they provide food for our common wants, and likewise minister to the noblest appetites and most exalted views belonging to our nature. The results of this science are not, like the temples of the ancients, in which statues of the gods were placed, where incense was offered and sacrifices were performed, and which were presented to the adoration of the multitude, founded upon superstitious feelings; but they are rather like the palaces of the moderns, to be admired and used, and where the statues, which in the ancients raised feelings of adoration and awe, now produce only feelings of pleasure and gratify a refined taste. It is surely a pure delight to know how and by what processes this earth is clothed with verdure and life, how the clouds, mists, and rain are formed, what causes all the changes of this terrestrial system of things, and by what divine laws order is preserved amidst apparent confusion. It is a sublime occupation to investigate the cause of the tempest, and the volcano, and to point out their use in the economy of things, to bring the lightning from the clouds and make it subservient to our experiments, to produce as it were a microcosm in the laboratory of art, and to measure and weigh those invisible

atoms, which, by their motions and changes, according to laws impressed upon them by the divine intelligence, constitute the universe of things. The true chemical philosopher sees good in all the diversified forms of the external world. Whilst he investigates the operations of infinite power guided by infinite wisdom, all low prejudices, all mean superstitions, disappear from his mind. He sees man an atom amidst atoms fixed upon a point in space, and yet modifying the laws that are around him by understanding them; and gaining, as it were, a kind of dominion over time, and an empire in material space, and exerting on a scale infinitely small a power seeming a sort of shadow or reflection of a creative energy, and which entitles him to the distinction of being made in the image of God and animated by a spark of the divine mind. Whilst chemical pursuits exalt the understanding, they do not depress the imagination or weaken genuine feelings; whilst they give the mind habits of accuracy, by obliging it to attend to facts, they likewise extend its analogies, and, though conversant with the minute forms of things, they have for their ultimate end the great and magnificent objects of nature. They regard the formation of a crystal, the structure of a pebble, the nature of a clay or earth; and they apply to the causes of the diversity of our mountain chains, the appearances of the winds, thunderstorms, meteors, the earthquake, the volcano, and all those phenomena which offer the most striking images to the poet and the painter. They keep alive that inextinguishable thirst after knowledge, which is one of the greatest characteristics of our nature; for every discovery opens a new field for investigation of facts, shows us the imperfection of our theories. It has justly been said, that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded. This strictly applies to chemical inquiries, and hence they are wonderfully suited to the progressive nature of the human intel-

lect, which by its increasing efforts to acquire a higher kind of wisdom, and a state in which truth is fully and brightly revealed, seems, as it were, to demonstrate its birthright to immortality.

Humphry Davy.

BEAUTÉ DE LA LUMIÈRE.

Light is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all visible things; that is to say, it has the least analogy to other bodies, and is the least subject to secondary explanations. No object of sight equals it in tenuity, in velocity, in beauty, in remoteness of origin, and closeness of approach. It has "no respect of persons." Its beneficence is most impartial. It shines equally on the jewels of an Eastern prince, and on the dust in the corner of a warehouse. Its delicacy, its power, its utility, its universality, its lovely essence, visible and yet intangible, make up something godlike to our imaginations, and though we acknowledge divinities more divine, we feel that ignorant as well as wise fault may be found with those who have made it an object of worship.

One of the most curious things with regard to light, is, that it is a body, by means of which we become sensible of the existence of other bodies. It is a substance; it exists as much in the space between our eyes and the object it makes known to us as it does in any other instance; and yet we are made sensible of that object by means of the very substance intervening. When our inquiries are stopped by perplexities of this kind, no wonder that some awe-stricken philosophers have thought further inquiry forbidden; and that others have concluded, with Berkeley, that there is no such thing as substance but in idea, and that the phenomena of creation exist but by the will of the Great Mind, which permits certain apparent causes and solutions to take place, and to act in a uniform manner. Milton doubts whether he ought to say what he felt concerning light :—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light,
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt there in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!"

And then he makes that pathetic complaint, during which we imagine him sitting with his blind eyes in the sun, feeling its warmth upon their lids, while he could see nothing: —

"Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn."

As colour is imparted solely by the different rays of light with which they are acted upon, the sun literally paints the flowers. The hues of the pink and rose literally come every day direct from heaven.

Leigh Hunt.

LE BONHEUR TERRESTRE.

What is earthly Happiness? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession; deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience, that *must*. Happiness, that great mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although, like some other gallants,

they all boasted of more favours than they had received Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of a cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and, when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence-chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, avarice, love, revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To ambition, she sends power; to avarice, wealth; to love, jealousy; to revenge, re-

morse; alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment? Neither is she to be won by flattery or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognita to keep a private assignation with contentment, and to partake of a *tête-à-tête* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear, then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstances, and an ephemeris of time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by content on the one hand, and by health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

C. Colton.

LA VIVACITÉ D'ESPRIT.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humour, I could satisfy myself of the good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and empha-

tically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer : in process of time, he can no more exist without applause, than he can exist without air ; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are *useful*, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing ; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass, discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colours. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright ; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man

and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Johnson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is then a beautiful

and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men ; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit, like this, is surely the flavour of the mind ! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food ; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

Sydney Smith.

L'HOMME ET L'HISTOIRE.

There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think ; what a saint has felt, he may feel ; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind, history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it in appropriate events. But always the thought is prior to the fact ; all the facts of his-

tory preexist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages, and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind, each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Every step in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind; and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion; and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing. What befel Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia, is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen

us. Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, "Here is one of my coverings. Under this fantastic, or odious, or graceful mask, did my Proteus nature hide itself." This remedies the defect of our too great nearness to ourselves. This throws our own actions into perspective : and as crabs, goats, scorpions, and the balance, lose all their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

E. Emerson.

LA LAITIÈRE.

The happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautifül by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue ; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with

labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, seeing her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Thus lives she; and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

Th. Overbury.

LE PAYSAN.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-

holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion : yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow; and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled; and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

Earle.

CARACTÈRE DE HENRI VII.

He was of an high mind, and loved his own will, and his own way; as one that revered himself, and would reign indeed. Had he been a private man, he would have been termed proud. But in a wise prince, it was but keeping of distance, which indeed did he towards all; not admitting any near or full approach, either to his power, or to his secrets, for he was governed by none. His queen, notwithstanding she had presented him with divers children, and with a crown also, though he would not acknowledge it, could do nothing with him. His mother he reverenced much, heard little. For any person agreeable to him for society, such as was Hastings to King Edward the Fourth, or Charles Brandon after to King Henry the Eighth, he had none. He had nothing in him of vain-glory, but yet he kept state and majesty to the height; being sensible that majesty maketh the people bow, but vain-glory boweth to them.

F. Bacon.

PORTRAIT DE HAMPDEN.

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words

and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

Lord Clarendon.

PORTRAIT DE CROMWELL.

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, nor of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under

the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in its very infancy; and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and to overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world, which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs!

A. Cowley.

GÉNIE DE SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest, most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him.

and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

J. Dryden.

BEN JONSON.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before

him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline." But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his "Discoveries," we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

J. Dryden.

A. COWLEY.

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

Th. Sprat.

POPE ET DRYDEN.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by

the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration : when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and , when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind, for when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy : he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best. He did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his reader; and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys

the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more, for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

S. Johnson.

LA REINE MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness!

E. Burke

LE PHILANTHROPE HOWARD.

I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of all mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original: it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already, the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country: I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realised in his own.

E. Burke.

CARACTÈRE DE MAHOMET.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person: an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his re-

spectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah: in the cave of Hera, three

miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the Prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.

E. Gibbon.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when

he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo immitior, quia toleraverat," that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum : nor could

all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection.

Th. Macaulay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. A vein of strong, shrewd, common sense ran throughout it, as it does throughout all his writings, but was enriched and enlivened by incessant touches of feeling, of fancy, and humour. I have not done justice to the copious flow of grave thought that often mingled in his conversation, for at this distance of time, little remains in my memory but salient points, and light whimsical and characteristic anecdotes. Indeed, during the whole time of my visit, he seemed in a lively playful mood, and his remarks and stories inclined to the comic rather than grave. Such, however, I was told, was the usual habit of his mind in social intercourse. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour, and laughed with right good will.

Scott never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversations reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me that, during the time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial,

and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this benignant spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature tempered the sharpness of his wit, and would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than throughout his works.

W. Irving.

CHARLES FOX.

Mr. Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive along with him whithersoever he pleased to rush. It is ridiculous to doubt that he was a far closer reasoner, a much more argumentative speaker, than Demosthenes; as much more so as Demosthenes would perhaps have been than Fox, had he lived in our times, and had to address an English House of Commons. For it is the kindred mistake of those who fancy that the two were like each, to imagine that the Grecian's orations are long chains of ratiocination, like Sir William Grant's arguments, or Euclid's demonstrations. They are close to the point; they are full of impressive allusions; they abound in expressions of the adversary's inconsistency; they are loaded with bitter invective : they never lose sight of the subject; and they never quit hold of the hearer by the striking appeals they make to his

strongest feelings and his favourite recollections : to the heart, or to the quick and immediate sense of inconsistency, they are always addressed, and find their way thither by the shortest and surest road; but to the head, to the calm and sober judgment, as pieces of argumentation, they assuredly are not addressed. But Mr. Fox, as he went along, and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppression, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit, the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said of him that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr. Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr. Canning's light and galling raillery, as the battering and piercing wit with which Mr. Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under-tones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered, when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure

and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all, so, in his choice o words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages, and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

Lord Brougham.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

It was not till within these few years, that gentlemen of consideration seem to have solely employed themselves in the business of acquiring popularity, without any view to party purposes, without any intention of gratifying private resentments, but actuated simply, as it appears, by the desire of the undowered love of the many. The most conspicuous of the persons who have proposed to themselves such an object of ambition, is undoubtedly Sir Francis Burdett; and it must be allowed that, in some respects, he has taken no wrong measure of himself, in supposing that his powers were fitted to his desires. In the first place, the honourable baronet is one of those whose very appearance wins a hundred hearts before he opens his lips : an elegant figure; a face of which the outline is finely Roman, though the expression is rather weak and indecisive; manners at once courteous and simple, would be alone sufficient to delight the common observer; add to these, a voice of the most insinuating melody; a delivery fluent and animated, yet always modest, and sometimes even diffident; and they all together form a combination which interests and attaches every heart. Let the man so qualified profess himself the friend of his admirers, and descant on the topics dearest to their feelings, and their regard will almost rise into enthusiastic idolatry. Such is the first impression made on the

auditors of Sir Francis Burdett. Enthusiasm is of an evanescent nature; and though the people seldom withdraw their regard without just cause, yet their love, like that of an individual, must be fed and supported by perpetual fuel. Sir Francis Burdett has the appearance of a man who reads more than he thinks, as well in the matter of his speeches as in the manner of uttering them. Mixed up with the polish of the gentleman, there is much of the bashfulness of the recluse student; and even his politeness is not the easy urbanity of a man of the world, but what is better, the emanation of a kind heart.

W. Hazlitt.

VI.

DISCOURS.

PAROLES D'ÉLISABETH, VEUVE D'ÉDOUARD IV,

En remettant entre les mains du cardinal Bourchier son jeune fils Richard d'York, assassiné plus tard avec son frère Édouard V, par les ordres de Richard III, leur oncle.

" My lord (quoth she) and all my lords, I neither am so unwise to mistrust your wits, nor so suspicious to mistrust your truths. Of which thing I purpose to make you such a proof, as if either or both lacked in you, might turn both me to great sorrow, the realm to much harm, and you to great reproach. For lo! here is this gentleman whom I doubt not I could here keep safe, if I would, whatsoever any man say. And I doubt not also that there be some abroad so deadly enemies unto my blood, that if they wist where any of it lay in their own body, they would let it out. We have also had experience that the desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred. The brother hath been the brother's bane. And may the nephews be sure of their uncle? Each of these children is other's defence while they lie asunder, and each of their lives lieth in the other's body. Keep one safe, and both be sure; and nothing for them both more perilous than to be both in one place. For what wise merchant ventureth all his goods in one ship? All this notwithstanding, here I deliver him, and his brother in him, to keep into your hands, of whom I shall ask them both afore God and the world. Faithful ye be, that wot I well; and I know well you be wise. Power and strength to keep him, if ye list, neither lack ye of yourself,

nor can lack help in their cause. And if ye cannot elsewhere, then you may leave him here. But only one thing I beseech you, for the trust that his father put in you ever, and for the trust that I put in you now, that as far as ye think that I fear too much, be you well ware that you fear not as far too little." And therewithal, she said unto the child : "Farewell, my own sweet son ! God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once yet ere you go : for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." And therewith she kissed him and blessed; turned her back and wept, and went her way, leaving the king weeping as fast.

Thomas More (*History of Richard III*).

DISCOURS DE HENRI VII AU PARLEMENT.

Charles VIII, roi de France, vient d'épouser Anne, héritière de Bretagne. Irrité de ce mariage, l'empereur Maximilien cherche à se liguer avec l'Angleterre contre la France. Henri VII profite de cette occasion pour convoquer son parlement et lui demander des subsides.

My Lords and you the Commons,—When I purposed to make a war in Britain by my lieutenant, I made declaration thereof to you by my chancellor. But now that I mean to make a war upon France in person, I will declare it to you myself. That war was to defend another man's right, but this is to recover our own; and that ended by accident, but we hope this shall end in victory.

The French king troubles the Christian world : that which he hath is not his own, and yet he seeketh more. He hath invested himself of Britain : he maintaineth the rebels in Flanders : and he threateneth Italy.

For ourselves, he hath proceeded from dissimulation to neglect; and from neglect to contumely. He hath assailed our confederates : he denieth our tribute : in a word he seeks war : so did not his father, but sought peace at our

hands; and so perhaps will he, when good counsel or time shall make him see as much as his father did.

Meanwhile, let us make his ambition our advantage, and let us not stand upon a few crowns of tribute or acknowledgment, but, by the favour of Almighty God, try our right for the crown of France itself; remembering that there hath been a French king prisoner in England, and a king of England crowned in France. Our confederates are not diminished. Burgundy is in a mightier hand than ever, and never more provoked. Britain cannot help us, but it may hurt them. New acquests are more burden than strength. The malecontents of his own kingdom have not been base, popular, nor titulary impostors, but of an higher nature. The king of Spain, doubt ye not, will join with us, not knowing where the French king's ambition will stay. Our holy father the pope likes no Tramontanes in Italy. But howsoever it be, this matter of confederates is rather to be thought on than reckoned on. For God forbid but England should be able to get reason of France without a second.

It was our discords only that lost France; and, by the power of God, it is the good peace which we now enjoy that will recover it. God hath hitherto blessed my sword. I have, in this time that I have reigned, weeded out my bad subjects and tried my good. My people and I know one another, which breeds confidence : and if there should be any bad blood left in the kingdom, an honourable foreign war will vent it or purify it. In this great business let me have your advice and aid. If any of you were to make his son knight, you might have aid of your tenants by law. This concerns the knighthood and spurs of the kingdom, whereof I am father, and bound not only to seek to maintain it, but to advance it : but for matter of treasure, let it not be taken from the poorest sort, but from those to whom the benefits of the war may redound. France is no wilderness, and I, that profess good husbandry, hope to

make the war, after the beginnings, to pay itself. Go together in God's name, and lose no time; for I have called this parliament wholly for this cause.

F. Bacon (*History of Henry VII*).

APOLOGIE DU COMTE DE STRAFFORD,

MINISTRE DE CHARLES Ier EN 1640.

My Lords,—As this species of treason of which I am accused by the Commons is entirely new and unknown to the laws, so is the species of proof by which they pretend to fix that guilt upon me. They have invented a kind of accumulative or constructive evidence, by which many actions, either totally innocent in themselves, or criminal in a much inferior degree, shall, when united, amount to treason and subject the person to the highest penalties inflicted by the laws. A hasty and unguarded word, a rash and passionate action, assisted by the malevolent fancy of the accuser, and tortured by doubtful constructions, is transmuted into the deepest guilt; and the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, no longer protected by justice, are subjected to arbitrary will and pleasure.

Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and by the maxims of a cautious prudence to conform ourselves the best we can to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and which shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of until the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give me warning, the party shall pay

the damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined; and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my lords, happily to ourselves at home; we have lived gloriously abroad to the world: let us be content with what our fathers have left us: let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire those bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treason, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out the path by which you may avoid it. Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions by rattling up a company of old records, which have for so many ages hung by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my lords (the most severe of any), that I, for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country. However, these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the commonwealth, and they believe so: yet, under favour, it is I who, in this particular, speak for the commonwealth. Precedents like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that in a few years the kingdom will be in a condition expressed in a statute of Henry the Fourth; and no man shall know

by what rule to govern his words and actions. Impose not, my lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state; nor disable them from serving with cheerfulness their king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable; the public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste; and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges, which a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth. What I forfeit for myself is nothing; but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit it for them, wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity: something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, therefore I shall leave it.

And now, my lords, I thank God I have been, by his blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit clearly and freely to your judgment. And whether that righteous judgment be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the Great Author of my existence.

D. Hume (*History of England*).

DÉFENSE DE LA PRESSE.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that

soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'T is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality, rather than a life!

J. Milton.

POUVOIR DE LA MORT.

I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity of others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side, and against them in the contention; but within the revolution of a few months, the same man met with a more uneasy and unhandsom death: which when I saw, I wept and was afraid; for I knew that it must be so with all men: for we also shall die,

and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence.

It will be very material to our best and noblest purposes if we represent this scene of change and sorrow a little more dressed up in circumstances; for so we shall be more apt to practise those rules, the doctrine of which is consequent to this consideration. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexures of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces.

J. Taylor.

ASPECT DU SOLEIL.

Prodigious orb, bright source of vital heat, and spring of day! Soft flame, yet how intense, how active; how diffusive and how vast a substance; yet how collected thus within itself, and in a glowing mass confined to the centre of this planetary world! Mighty being, brightest image and representative of the Almighty! Supreme of the corporeal world, unperishing in grace, and of undecaying youth! Fair, beautiful, and hardly mortal creature! By what secret

ways dost thou receive the supplies which maintain thee still in such unwearied vigour and unexhausted glory, notwithstanding those eternally emitted streams, and that continual expense of vital treasures, which enlighten and invigorate the surrounding worlds? Around him all the planets, with this our earth, single or with attendants, continually move, seeking to receive the blessing of his light and lively warmth! Towards him they seem to tend with prone descent, as to their centre; but, happily controlled by another impulse, they keep their heavenly order; and in just numbers and exactest measure go the eternal rounds.

But, O Thou who art the author and modifier of these various motions! O sovereign and sole mover, by whose high art the rolling spheres are governed, and these stupendous bodies of our world hold their unrelenting courses! O wise economist and powerful chief, whom all the elements and powers of nature serve! how hast thou animated these moving worlds? What spirit or soul infused? What bias fixed? or how encompassed them in liquid æther, driving them as with the breath of living winds, thy active and unwearied ministers in this intricate and mighty work?

Earl of Shaftesbury.

IMPROVISATION DE LORD CHATHAM

Contre Horace Walpole, frère du ministre, qui lui reprochait sa jeunesse.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but

surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves: nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment: age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided

their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. It will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

DÉBAT DE FOX ET DE BURKE,

Au sujet de la révolution française, dans la mémorable discussion qui rompit, en 1796, l'alliance des deux chefs de l'opposition, au moment où M. Pitt proposait un bill sur l'organisation du Canada. Burke vient de flétrir la révolution française; Fox prend la parole pour la défendre.

. . . . . On the French revolution I did indeed differ from my right honourable friend; our opinions, I have no scruple to say, are as wide as the poles asunder; but what has a difference of opinion on that, which to the House is only matter of theoretical contemplation, to do with the discussion of a practical point, on which no such difference exists? On that revolution I adhere to my opinion, and never will retract one syllable of what I have said. I repeat, that I think it, on the whole, one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind. But when I on a former occasion mentioned France, I mentioned the revolution only, and not the constitution; the latter remains to be improved by experience, and accommodated to circumstances. The arbitrary system of government is done away; the new one has the good of the people for its object, and this is the point on which I rest. I have no concealment of my opinions; but if any thing could make me shy of such a discussion, it would be the fixing a day to catechise me respecting my political creed, and respecting opinions on which the House is neither going to act, nor called upon to act, at all. Were I to differ from my right honourable friend on points of history, on

the constitution of Athens or of Rome, is it necessary that the difference should be discussed in this House? Were I to praise the conduct of the elder Brutus, and to say that the expulsion of the Tarquins was a noble and patriotic act, would it thence be fair to argue that I meditate the establishment of a consular government in this country? Were I to repeat the eloquent eulogium of Cicero on the taking off of Cæsar, would it thence be deducible that I went with a knife about me for the purpose of killing some great man or orator?

When the proper period of discussion comes, feeble as my powers are, compared with those of my right honourable friend, whom I must call my master, for he taught me every thing I know in politics (as I have declared on a former occasion, and I mean no compliment when I say so), yet feeble as my powers comparatively are, I shall be ready to maintain the principles I have asserted, even against my right honourable friend's superior eloquence, and maintain, that "the rights of man," which my right honourable friend has ridiculed as chimerical and visionary, are in fact the basis and foundation of every rational constitution, and even of the British constitution itself, as our statute-book proves; since, if I know any thing of the original compact between the people of England and its government, as stated in that volume, it is a recognition of the original inherent rights of the people as men, which no prescription can supersede, no accident remove or obliterate. If such principles are dangerous to the constitution, they are the principles of my right honourable friend, from whom I learned them.

I cannot help feeling a joy ever since the constitution of France became founded on the rights of man, on which the British constitution itself is founded. To deny it, is neither more nor less than to libel the British constitution; and no book my right honourable friend can cite, no words he may

deliver in debate, however ingenious, eloquent, and able, as all his writings and all his speeches undoubtedly are, can induce me to change or abandon that opinion : I differ upon that subject with my right honourable friend *toto cœlo.*

RÉPONSE DE BURKE.

I asserted that dangerous doctrines are encouraged in this country, and that dreadful consequences may ensue from them, which it was my sole wish and ambition to avert, by strenuously supporting the constitution of Great Britain as it is, which, in my mind, can better be done by preventing impending danger, than by any remedy that can afterwards be applied; and I think myself justified in saying this, because I know that there are people in this country avowedly endeavouring to disorder its constitution and government, and that in a very bold manner. The right honourable gentleman, in the speech he has made, treated me in every sentence with uncommon harshness. In the first place, after being fatigued with skirmishes of order, which were wonderfully managed by his light troops, he brought down the whole strength and heavy artillery of his own judgment, eloquence, and abilities upon me, to crush me at once, by declaring a censure upon my whole life, conduct, and opinions. Notwithstanding this great and serious, though, on my part, unmerited attack, and attempt to crush me, I shall not be dismayed; I am not yet afraid to state my sentiments in this House, or any where else, and I will tell all the world that the constitution is in danger. It certainly is indiscretion at any period, but much greater at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or to give my friends cause to desert me; yet, if that is to be the case, by adhering to the British constitution, I will risk all, and, as public duty and public prudence teach me, in my last words exclaim : " Fly from the French constitution." (It

was whispered by Mr. Fox, there was no loss of friends.) Yes (exclaimed Mr. Burke), there is a loss of friends; I know the price of my conduct; I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end. I have been told that it is much better to defend the English constitution by praising its own excellence than by abusing other constitutions, and certainly the task of praising is much more pleasant than that of abusing; but I contend that the only fair way of arguing the merits of any constitution is by comparing it with others. I warn the right honourable gentlemen who are the great rivals in this House, that whether they should in future move in the political hemisphere as two flaming meteors, or walk together as brethren, that they should preserve and cherish the British constitution; that they should guard against innovation, and save it from the danger of these new theories.

RÉPLIQUE DE FOX.

However events may have altered the mind of my right honourable friend (for so I must call him, notwithstanding what has passed, because grating as it is to any man to be unkindly treated by those who are under obligations to us, it is still more grating and painful to be unkindly treated by those to whom we feel the greatest obligations, and whom, notwithstanding their harshness and severity, we find we must still love and esteem), I cannot forget, that when a boy almost, I was in the habit of receiving favours from my right honourable friend; that our friendship had grown with our years, and that it had continued for upwards of twenty-five years, for the last twenty of which we have acted together and lived on terms of most familiar intimacy. I hope, therefore, notwithstanding what has happened on this day, the right honourable gentleman will think on past times, and however any imprudent words or intemperance

of mine may have offended him, it will show that it has not been at least intentionally my fault.... I have, as every other man must have, a natural antipathy to being catechised as to my political principles. Because I admire the British constitution, is it to be concluded that there is no part of the constitution of other countries worth praising, or that the British constitution is not still capable of improvement? I therefore can neither consent to abuse every other constitution, nor to extol our own so extravagantly as the right honourable gentleman seems to think it merits. Nothing but the ignominious terms which my right honourable friend has this day heaped upon me——(Mr. Burke said loud enough to be heard, that he did not recollect that he had used any.)——My right honourable friend does not recollect the epithets; they are out of his mind; then they are completely and for ever out of mine. I cannot cherish a recollection so painful, and, from this moment, they are obliterated and forgotten.

I admit that no friendship should exist in the way of public duty; and if my right honourable friend thought he did service to the country by blasting the French revolution, he must do so, but at the same time he must allow others who thought differently to act in a different manner.

DISCOURS DE PITT

SUR L'ESCLAVAGE DES NÈGRES.

Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken—do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? I know

of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons annually from their native land by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe, but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice, yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What! sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study, of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. Some evidences say, that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every

reasonable presumption to think that those who sell them to us have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement?

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And the circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us, free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been *applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain.* Why might not some Roman

senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, *There* is a people that wil never rise to civilization—*there* is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world. Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa? We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterised us, and by which we now characterise Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, preeminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society, we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty: we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living

under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessing of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea....

If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, parti-

cipating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindnes (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled :

Quum nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

DE L'EXIGUÏTÉ DE LA TERRE.

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever — an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourisch there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The uni-

verse at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that in would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect

which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our island and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. The miggt not annihilate the earth, but they would un people it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Th. Chalmers.

DES AVANTAGES DE LA SCIENCE.

The advantages conferred by the augmentation of our physical resources through the medium of increased knowledge and improved art, have this peculiar and rèmarkable property—that thoy are in their nature diffusive, and cannot be enjoyed in any exclusive manner by a few. An Eastern despot may extort the riches and monopolise the art of his subjects for his own personal use : he may spread around him an unnatural splendour and luxury, and stand in strange and preposterous contrast with the general penury and discomfort of his people ; he may glitter in jewels of gold and raiment of needle-work ; but the wonders of well contrived and executed manufacture which we use daily, and the comforts which have been invented, tried, and improved upon by thousands, in every form of domestic convenience, and for every ordinary purpose of life, can never be enjoyed by him. To produce a state of things in which the physical advantages of civilised life can exist in a high degree, the stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly elevated desires must have been felt by millions ; since it is not in the power of a few individuals to create that wide demand for

useful and ingenious applications, which alone can lead to great and rapid improvements, unles backed by that arising from the speedy diffusion of the same advantages among the mass of mankind.

If this be true of physical advantages, it applies with still greater force to intellectual. Knowledge can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few; and although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of our intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It requires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration, by universal assent; and there is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions. Those who admire and love knowledge for its own sake ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow. But to this end it is necessary that it should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft and a mystery, inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Science, of course, like every thing else, has its own peculiar terms, and, so to speak, its idioms of language; and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish : but every thing that tends to clothe it in a strange and repulsive garb, and especially every thing that, to keep up an appearance of superiority in its professors over the rest of mankind.

assumes an unnecessary guise of profundity and obscurity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is to deliberately reject the light which the natural unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles : but where principles are to be applied to practical uses, it becomes absolutely necessory, as all mankind have then an interest in their being so familiarly understood, that no mistakes shall arise in their application.

John Herschel.

DES PLAISIRS DE L'ÉTUDE.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences has, in all ages, been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations, and the name of Philosopher, or Lover of Wisdom, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show that there is a positive gratifigation resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we were ignoeant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Is there any thing in all the idle books of tales and horrors, with which youthful readers are so much delighted, more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, without any machinery, by merely

being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron? Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses! Can any thing surprise us more, than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others; that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all than all colours together! Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air; and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new and extraordinary truths, is the gratification of a more learned curiosity, by tracing resemblances and relations between things which, to common apprehension, seem widely different. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing which causes the sensation of heat causes also fluidity; that electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds; that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently, by day and by night; that the air which burns in our lamps enables a

balloon to mount Nothing can at first sight appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing, the rust of metals and burning, the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same. Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine and the crawling of a fly upon the window; yet we find that these two operations are performed by the same means—the weight of the atmosphere; and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there, in all the fairy-tales that ever were fancied, any thing more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders? Then, if we raise our views to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.

The highest of all our gratifications in the study of science remains. We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take is any

direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design ; and the skill every where conspicuous is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding, that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the great Architect of Nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

Lord Brougham.

VII

LETTRES.

RICHARD III A L'ÉVÊQUE DE LINCOLN.

POUR EMPÊCHER LE MARIAGE DE JANE SHORE.

Right Reverend Father in God, etc., — Signifying unto you, that it is showed unto us, that our servant and solicitor, Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore now being in Ludgate (in prison) by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to proceed to effect the same; we, for many causes, would be very sorry that he should be so disposed, and pray you, therefore, to send for him, in that ye goodly may exhort and stir him to the contrary.

And, if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the law of the church, we be content (the time of marriage being deferred to our coming next to London) that, upon sufficient surety being found of her good a-bearing, ye do send for her keeper and discharge him of our commandment by warrant of these; committing her to the rule and guiding of her father or any other, by your discretion, in the mean season.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Lincoln, our chancellor.

Richard, R.

HENRI VIII D'ANGLETERRE A JACQUES IV D'ÉCOSSE.

Le roi d'Écosse avait conçu le dessein d'envahir l'Angleterre pendant l'absence de Henri VIII, qui faisait la guerre à la France.

12th August, 1513.

Right excellent, right high, and mighty prince, — We have received your writing, dated at Edinburgh the twenty-sixth day of July, by your herald Lyon the bearer, wherein, after rehearsal and accumulation of many surmises, injuries, griefs, and damages done by us and our subjects to you and your lieges, the specialities whereof were superfluous to rehearse, remembering that to them and every of them, in effect, reasonable answer, founded upon law and conscience, hath heretofore been made to you and your concil,—

You not only require us to desist from farther invasion and utter destruction of your brother and cousin, the French king, but also certify us that you will take part in defence of the said king; and do that thing which you trust may rather cause us to desist from farther pursuit of him; with many contrived occasions and communications, by you causeless sought and imagined, sounding to the breach of the perpetual peace passed, concluded, and sworn betwixt you and us, of which your imagined quarrels, causeless devised to break to us (contrary to your oath promised, all honour, and kindness), we cannot marvel, considering the ancient accustomable manners of your progenitors, which never kept faith and promise longer than pleased them.

Howbeit, if the love and dread of God, nighness of blood, honour of the world, law and reason, had bound you, we suppose you would never have so far proceeded, specially in our absence; wherein the Pope and all princes christened may well note in you dishonourable demeanour, when you,

lying in await, seek the ways to do that in our absence which you would not have been well advised to attempt, we being within our realm and present. And for the evident approbation hereof, we need none other proof nor witness but your own writings heretofore to us sent, we being within our realm; wherein you never made mention of taking part with our enemy the French king, but passed your time with us till after our departure from our said realm. And now, percase, you supposing us so far from our said realm to be destitute of defence against your invasions, have uttered the old rancour of your mind, which in covert manner you have long kept secret.

And, if the example of the king of Navarre being excluded from his realm for assistance given to the French king, cannot restrain you from this unnatural dealing, we suppose you shall have like assistance of the said French king as the king of Navarre hath now, who is a king without a realm; and so the French king peaceably suffereth him to continue : whereunto good regard should be taken.

Finally, as touching your requisition to desist from further attempting against our enemy the French king, we know you for no competent judge of so high authority to require us in that behalf. Wherefore, God willing, we purpose, with the aid and assistance of our confederates and allies, to prosecute the same; and as you do to us and our realm, so it shall be remembered and acquitted hereafter, by the help of our Lord and our patron saint George, who, right excellent, right high, and mighty prince, etc.

Given under our signet in our camp before Tyrwin (Terouanne) the 12th day of August, in the fifth year of our reign.

Henry, R.

LETTRE DE JACQUES VI A SON AMBASSADEUR A LONDRES.

Jeune encore et sans autorité, il exprime son inquiétude sur le sort de sa mère Marie Stuart.

I perceive by your last letters, the queen my mother still continueth in that miserable strait that the pretended condemnation of that parliament has put her in. A strange example indeed! and so very rare, as, for my part, I never heard nor read of the like practice in any case. I am sorry that by[1] my expectation, the queen hath suffered this to proceed so far to her dishonour, and so contrary to her good fame as, by subject's mouth to condemn a sovereign descended, of all hands, of the best blood of Europe. King Henry the Eighth's reputation was never prejudged in any thing but in the beheading of his bedfellow; but yet that tragedy was far inferior to this, if it should proceed as it seemeth to be intended. But this I can never believe, since I know it to be the nature of noble princes at that time chiefly to *spare*, when it is most concluded in men's minds that they will *strike*.

Guess you in what strait my honour will be in, this unhappy thing being perfected; since, before God, I already dare skathe[2] go abroad for crying out of the whole people. And, what is spoken by them of the queen of England it grieves me to hear, and yet dare not find fault with it, except I would dethrone myself : so is whole Scotland incensed with this matther. As you love your master's honour, omit no diligence in this request. And let this letter serve for excuse to the queen, my dearest sister, of my not writing to her at this time, in respect of this bearer's sudden departure. Farewell.

James, R.

1. Beyond. — 2. Scarcely.

LE ROI JACQUES A LORD BACON.

Jacques Ier d'Angleterre remercie Bacon de l'envoi d'un exemplaire de son *Novum Organum*, en 1620.

My Lord,

I have received your letter and your book, than which you could not have sent a more acceptable present unto me. How thankful I am for it cannot better be expressed by me than by a firm resolution I have taken : first, to read it through with care and attention, and though I should steal some hours from my sleep, having otherwise as little spare time to read it as you had to write it ; and then, use the liberty of a true friend in not sparing to ask you the question on any point whereof I shall stand in doubt : *Nam ejus est explicare, cujus est condere.*

As for the other part, I will willingly give a due condemnation to such places as in my opinion shall deserve it. In the mean time I can with comfort assure you, that ye could not make choice of a subject more befitting your place and your universal and methodic knowledge. And, in the general, I have already observed that ye jump with me in keeping the middle way between two extremes : *In medio tutissimus ibis ;* as also, in some particulars, I have found that ye agree fully with my opinion. And so, praying God to give your work as good success as your heart can wish, and your labours deserve, I bid you heartily farewell.

James, R.

J. HOWEL A BEN JONSON.

Histoire du châtelain de Coucy.

Father Ben,

Being lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a knowing

gentleman, who related to me a choice story, which peradventure you may make use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife : there was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced match, 'twixt her and one Monsieur Fayel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in great discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turk, where he received a mortal wound not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodging, he languished some days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to instrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do ; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen vessel to be burnt to ashes; then to put the ashes into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Vergy's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Vergy. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to M. Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was captain Coucy's servant; and finding him timorous and faultering in his speech, he searched him and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein : he dismissed the bearer, with menaces that he should come no more near his

house. M. Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, M. Fayel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife; how, ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided her a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her : thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and she afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her, at last, she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket, and shewed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, *This is a precious cordial indeed;* and so wiped the dish, saying, *It is so precious that 't is pity to put ever any meat upon it.* So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which veils to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.

Westminster, May 3, 1635. J. Howel.

POPE A LADY MONTAGUE.

Description d'un vieux château.

Dear Madam,—It is not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent

for, the first minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being, like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free fróm cracks. One shining pane bears date 1226. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical

tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green-and-gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large quantity of timber which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box : it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels : indeed the roof is so decayed that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floros.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have tö live, who are now

too infirm to remove to another : they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

A. Pope.

SAMUEL JOHNSON A LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Johnson se plaint de l'abandon où l'a laissé lord Chesterfield, et refuse dorénavant sa protection.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World," that two papers, in which my "Dictionary" is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

S. Johnson.

VIII

DIALOGUES ET SCÈNES FAMILIÈRES.

INVECTIVES DU JUIF SHYLOCK.

Les juifs et les chrétiens du moyen âge.

SALARINO. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; — a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ; — let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

SALARINO. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for?

SHYLOCK. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies : and what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will ressemble you in that If a Jew wrong a Chris-

tian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute : and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

W. Shakspeare (*Merchant of Venice*).

SOMNAMBULISME DE LADY MACBETH.

Remords d'une âme criminelle.

LADY MACBETH, *the* DOCTOR, *the* WAITING GENTLEWOMAN

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed : yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may to me; and 't is most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 't is time to do 't :——Hell is murky!—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? ——What, will these hands ne'er be clean? —No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look

not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

DOCT. Even so?

LADY M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come! give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed!

DOCT. Will she go now to bed?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad : Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor.

W. Shakspeare (*Macbeth*).

VANTERIES DE FALSTAFF.

Personnages : FALSTAFF, PRINCE HENRY *of Wales.*

FALSTAFF. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drank to-day.

P. HENRY. Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. HENRY. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. HENRY. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it! taken from us, it is : a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray heav'n you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell you what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a-front, and made a thrust at me : I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by those hills, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me

ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought — seven of the eleven, I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool.. .

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason : what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion! — No : were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this : — Poins and I saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth : mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what de-

vice, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct; I grant you : and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors, watch to-night, pray to morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—And the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. A !—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

W. Shakspeare (*Henry IV*, part I).

MÊME SUJET.

Personnages : Falstaff, Colevile, Prince John *of Lancaster.*

Falstaff *and* Colevile, *meeting.*

Falstaff. What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COL. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN.

P. JOHN. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come :
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds, or by the lord! I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it—Colevile

kissing my foot : to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Col. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither : had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire : and when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

W. Shakspeare (*Henry IV*, part II).

EXPÉDIENTS DE BOBADIL.

Personnages : Bobadil, Matthew.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. The other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and

workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you 'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay : he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes : he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word; but when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an't were my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I 'il show you a trick or two your shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so; I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly; lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action. Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus; (give it the gentleman, and leave us)—so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent : hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. O, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill!—a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir—make a thrust at me—come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado : a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that. Come, put on your cloak, and we 'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you,

by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 't were nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'T is somewhat with the least. But come, we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we 'll call upon young Well-bred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question...

MÊME SUJET.

Personnages : Bobadil, Knowell.

Bob. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benedict of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay three parts, of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have : and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montato, till they could all play very near or altoge-

ther as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy—they could not in their honour refuse us—well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a-day, that twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

Ben Jonson (*Every Man in his Humour*).

LE CRITIQUE ET LE PEINTRE.

Dialogue supposé entre le docteur Johnson et le peintre Reynolds au sujet de Garrick. La manie du lexicographe était de vouloir exercer à lui seul le privilége de faire l'éloge ou la critique du grand acteur.

Reynolds. I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thought, and though I cannot, I dare say you have made up your mind upon it. — Johnson. Tilly fally! what is all this preparation—what is all this mighty matter?—R. Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is, predestination and free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me : in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, free-will and fore-knowledge cannot be reconciled.—J. Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.—R. But I meant only, Dr. J., to know your opinion.—J. No, sir; you meant no such thing: you meant only to show these gentlemen that you are not the man they took

you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said, that you held an argument with Sam Johnson on predestination and free-will—a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world—to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years; a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness*, find themselves *in wandering mazes lost*. That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.—R. It is so as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.—J. O noble pair!—R. Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.—J. Garrick, sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine: little things are great to little men.—R. I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson....—J. Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men's words—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.—R. But take Garrick upon the whole now, in regard to conversation....—J. Well, sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could with any degree of propriety be applied.—R. But still....—J. Hold, sir; I have not done. There are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech, various kinds of greatness: a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.—R. But, Dr. Johnson....—J. Hold, sir; I have often lamented how dangerous it is to

investigate and to discriminate character to men who have no discriminative powers.—R. But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say, no longer ago than last Wednesday at Mr. Thrale's table...—J. You tease me, sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me—you misapprehended me—you may not have heard me.—R. I am very sure I heard you.—J. Besides, besides, sir, besides—do you not know, are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?—R. But if you differ from yourself, and give one opinion to-day....—J. Have done, sir : the company, you see, are tired, as well as myself.

J. Reynolds.

SIÉGE DU CHATEAU DE TORQUILSTONE.

IVANHOE *wounded*, REBECCA.

" And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, " while the game, that gives me freedom or death, is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm. What dost thou see, Rebecca?"—" Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."—" That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; " if they press not right on, to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be."—" I see him not," said Rebecca—" Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, " does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest?"

—" He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now: he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades: they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers —they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds." She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible. " Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; " the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand—look again; there is now less danger." Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: " Holy Prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: " He is down! he is down!"—" Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"—" The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness:—" But no! but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops, and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"—" Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. " Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; " his men rush to the rescue, headed by the

haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."—"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and, as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"—"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? who push their way?"—"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles: the besieged have the better."—"Saint George strike for us!" said the Knight: "do the false yeomen give way?"—"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."—"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully in his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."—"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men! if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer."—"The bridge, the bridge which communicates with the castle, have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed; few of the defenders escaped

with him into the castle: the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."—"See'st thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"—"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

W. Scott (*Ivanhoe*).

FIN DE LA PROSE.

POÉSIE

POÉSIE.

I.

FABLES ET LÉGENDES.

LE PEINTRE HABILE.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ller, leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds:
Who with his tongue hath armies routed
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word,
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, tho' e'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length

His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,
Truth should not always be reveal'd,
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view, resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set: the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My lord appear'd, and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The paintér look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air:
" Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit
You'll grant are very hard to hit,
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work." My lord reply'd :
" Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear sir, for me, 't is far too young."
" Oh ! pardon me, " the artist cry'd :
" In this, we painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My lord examined it anew·

No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
  A lady came; with borrow'd grace,
He, from his Venus, form'd her face;
Her lover prais'd the painter's art,
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent,
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
  Through all the town his art they prais'd,
His custom grew, his price was rais'd:
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

J. Gay.

L'INTEMPÉRANCE.

  Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sat;
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thundered from the throne: —
" This night our minister we name;
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch forth their hand.
  Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed: —
" I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal:
On every slight occasion near
With violence I persevere."
  Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;

From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppressed
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
  Stone urged his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:—
"Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure tho' slow."
  Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.
  All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:—
"Merit was ever modest known,
What! no physician speak his right!
None here?—but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand.
Who fills with gold their zealous hand,
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
Whom wary men as fees detest,
Forego your claim; no more pretend:
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall
Who finds employment for you all."

J. Gay.

LE CORBEAU TROMPÉ.

  A raven, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly pressed,

And, on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoyed at ease the genial day,
'T was April as the bumpkins say,
The legislature called it May;
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And filled her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hushed together:
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'T is over, and the brood is safe—
(For ravens, though, as birds of omen,
They teach both conjurors and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophecy themselves at all).
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had marked her airy lodge,
And destined all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair.
Climbed like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.
'T is Providence alone secures,
In every change, both mine and yours:
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man, that 's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread.

Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

W. Cowper.

LE CHOUCAS PHILOSOPHE.

There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'T is in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure, and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall:
No! not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,

Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

W. Cowper.

II.

MAXIMES ET ÉPIGRAMMES.

L'HOMME.

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man ! full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root :
And then he falls.

W. Shakspeare (*Henry VIII*)

LA VIE HUMAINE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

W. Shakspeare (*Macbeth*)

LA CLÉMENCE.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

W. Shakspeare (*Merchant of Venice*).

LA SINCÉRITÉ.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament that truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked bud discloses,
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade my verse distils your truth.

W. Shakspeare (*Sonnets*)

LES TROIS FOLIES.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact made up:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

W. Shakspeare (*Midsummer Night's Dream*).

CONSEILS D'UN PÈRE

There!—my blessing with you—
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character :—Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all :—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell—my blessing season this in thee!

W. Shakspeare (*Hamlet*).

LE VRAI SAGE.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same—
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem!

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks this smoke of wit.

And while distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

S. Daniel.

RÈGLES DE POÉSIE.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy;
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'T is not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun.
First then of Songs, which now so much abound:
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws

On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly:
No words transposed, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
  Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains,
And there too oft despairing love complains.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd,
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies,
Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be liked a while, but never last:
'T is epigram, 't is point, 't is what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.
  By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?

Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flight prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and e'en Milton fail.
Homer and Virgil! — with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts, attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

LA CONVERSATION.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight:
Twins tied by nature: if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied:
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its real worth:
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'T will buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
Teaching we learn, and giving we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.

What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rust therein, who might have borne an edge
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech!
If born blest heirs to half their mother's tongue!
'T is thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In contemplation is his proud resource?
'T is poor as proud, by converse unsustain'd:
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint, and emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed.
'T is converse qualifies for solitude,
As exercise for salutary rest;
By that untutor'd, contemplation raves
And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone.

E Young (*Night Thoughts*).

LA VERSIFICATION.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main

A. Pope (*Essay on Criticism*).

ORDRE DE LA NATURE.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth:
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man;
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to the centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God;
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh! madness, pride, impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

A. Pope (*Essay on Man*).

DESTINÉE DE L'HOMME.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed—their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore!
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be bless'd:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man 's unhappy, God 's unjust!
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

A. Pope (*Essay on Man*).

SAGESSE DE DIEU.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole!
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfalt'ring accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss,
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Pow'r
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun!

J. Thomson (*Seasons*).

NOBLESSE DE L'AME.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame:
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice, to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mist of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice

Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, call him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might,
Proud of the strong contention of her toils,
Proud to be daring! Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry.

M. Akenside (*Pleasures of Imagination*).

DÉCEPTIONS DE LA SCIENCE.

I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears

Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
As if created only like the fly
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history : describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapped them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or, having, kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That He who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation ; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fixed,
And planetary some ; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants ; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is 't not a pity now, that tickling rheums

Should ever teaze the lungs and blear the sight
Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
That having wielded the elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot!
. . When I see such games
Played by the creatures of a Power who swears
That he will judge the earth and call the fool
To a sharp reckoning, that has lived in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in the infallible result
So hollow and so false, I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learned,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.
Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.
Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
'T were well, says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arched and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'T were well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What 's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man,
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well, apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,

What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True, I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
That seems half quenched in the immense abyss:
Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.

W. Cowper (*The Task*).

PORTRAIT DE VILLIERS, DUC DE BUCKINGHAM,

SOUS LE NOM ALLÉGORIQUE DE ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil.

That ev'ry man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

J. Dryden (*Achitophel*).

PORTRAIT D'ADDISON.

Le poëte laisse de côté de misérables ennemis pour s'attaquer à l'homme de génie, esprit ombrageux, ami injuste.

He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad;
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate [1].
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe,
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease,
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

1. Nahum Tate, traducteur de Psaumes.

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

A. Pope (*Satires, Prologue*).

L'AUTEUR ET LE CRITIQUE.

'T is hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss:
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 't is true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

A. Pope (*Essay on Criticism*).

LA FUREUR ÉPIQUE.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name;
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us: though minor bards, content,
On one great work a life of labour spent,
With eagle pinions soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger, Southey, rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see JOAN OF ARC advance,
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!
Next see tremendous THALABA come on,
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son.
Now last and greatest, MADOC spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's and not so true.
O Southey, Southey! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.

G. Byron (*English Bards*).

LE CRANE HUMAIN.

. . . . Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul!
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.
Behold, through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

G. Byron (*Childe Harold*).

III.

STANCES, BALLADES, ROMANCES.

L'AURORE.

The busy lark, sweet messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow [1] gray
And fiery Phœbus rises up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth at the sight,
And with his streams drieth in the greves [2]
The silver drops hanging on the leaves.

G. Chaucer.

STANCES D'ÉLISABETH,

AU DÉBUT DE SON RÈGNE.

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes [3] to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebbe;
Which would not be, if reason rul'd
Or wisdome weav'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to rain of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

1. *Morning.* — 2. *Groves.* — 3. La langue moderne retranche les e muets répandus ici en si grand nombre.

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe wil be:
And fruteless all their graffed guiles
As shortly ye shal see.

Then dazled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shal be unseald by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reap no gain where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine[1] bannisht wight
Shal ancre in this port;
Our realme it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shal first his edge employ;
Shal quickly poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

Elizabeth, R.

ÉPITHALAME.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen[2];
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound true-love-wise with a blue silk riband,
And let them make great store of bridal posies,

1. Pour *foreign*. — 2. Pour *bedecked*.

And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers,
And let the ground whereas [1] her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strew'd with fragarant [2] flowers all along,
And diaper'd like the discoloured [3] mead.
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken strait:
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Lo where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems [4] a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been;
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers [5] atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a garland green
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne [6] dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless [6] do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

1. Pour *whereon*. — 2. Pour *fragrant*. — 3. *Party-coloured*. — 4. *Beseem*. — 5. *Between*. — 6. *Nor*. — 7. *Not less*.

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermil[1] stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain :
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare !
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band[2]?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluiah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

E. Spenser.

L'ESPRIT FOLLET.

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry

1. *Vermillion.* — 2. *Union.*

Each thing that 's done below the moon.
  There 's not a hag
  Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
  But Robin I
  Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam,
  Through woods, through lakes,
  Through bogs, through brakes,
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
  All in the nick,
  To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trop about them round.
  But if to ride
  My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
  O'er hedge and lands,
  Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise,
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
  When larks 'gin sing,
  Away we fling;

And babes new-born steal as we go :
  And elf in bed
  We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
  Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
  Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
  And beldames old
  My feats have told,
So vale, vale; ho!

Ben Jonson

A SHAKSPEARE.

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live[1]...

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm...

Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,

1. La première édition des OEuvres de Shakspeare parut en 1623.

And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!

Ben Jonson.

MÊME SUJET.

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of this unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

J. Milton[1].

A UN AMI.

Lawrence! of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice

1 Vers composés à l'âge de douze ans.

Of Attic taste, with wine; whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes, and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. Milton.

HENRIETTE DE FRANCE,

ÉPOUSE DE CHARLES Ier.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.

W. Davenant

L'INCONSTANTE.

Hast thou seen the down in the air
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride?—
Oh so fickle, oh so vain, oh so false is she!

J. Suckling.

L'ANTIQUAIRE.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

Th. Warton.

WILLIAM PITT.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No! —Here 's to the pilot that weather'd the storm!

At the footstool of power let flattery fawn,
Let faction her idols extol to the skies;
To virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise.

And shall not *his* memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold;
A statesman unbiass'd by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who when terror and doubt through the universe reign'd,
While rapine and treason their standards unfurl'd,

The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,
And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck of the world?

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine;
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline;

So Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall!

Oh! take, then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
For evils, by courage and constancy braved—
Oh take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved!

And oh! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
Shall turn to the pilot that weather'd the storm!

G. Canning.

BIENFAIT DU TEMPS,

O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stea'est unperceived away,
On thee I rest my only hopes at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient show'r,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.

But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure!

W. Bowles.

LA VAINE LIBERTÉ.

A Roman master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the concourse of the Isthmian games
He, by his herald's voice, aloud proclaims
The Liberty of Greece : the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
A melancholy echo of that noise
Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear :
Ah! that a conqueror's word should be so dear;
Ah! that a boon could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven...
When far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
" 'T is known," cried they, " that he, who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,
Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of Liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top!"

Wordsworth.

CHUTE DE LA POLOGNE

EN 1794.

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid :
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"
He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murm'ring sounds along their banners fly :
Revenge or death!—the watch-word and reply.
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew.
O bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a gen'rous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murm'ring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,

Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay.
Hark! as the smould'ring piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call.
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry.
Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man:
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!

Th. Campbell.

BATAILLE NAVALE DE COPENHAGUE,

LIVRÉE PAR NELSON EN 1801.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April, morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;

And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Then shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:—
"Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe! thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the bay.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Th. Campbell.

FUNÉRAILLES DE SIR JOHN MOORE,

TUÉ EN ESPAGNE EN 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

C. Wolfe.

IV.

HYMNES, ODES, ÉLÉGIES.

PRIÈRE D'ADAM.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound

His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light!
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

J. Milton.

AVÉNEMENT DU MESSIE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire?
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :—
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See, nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See, spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;
'T is he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise

Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
  Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes:
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze.

O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains :
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

A. Pope

HYMNE DES SAISONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm,
Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent : then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast....
Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall!...
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 't is nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good.

And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

J. Thomson.

CHANT D'ISRAËL.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
  Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
  An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
  The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
  Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
  And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
  With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
  Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
  And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
  To temper the deceitful ray.
And, oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
  In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou. long-suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;

No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said :—" The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

W. Scott.

LE PRISONNIER DE WINDSOR.

Le comte de Surrey, prisonnier de Henri VIII, déplore la mort d'un frère de ce prince, son ami d'enfance.

So cruel prison how could betide [1], alas!
As proud Windsor, where I, in lust [2] and joy,
With a king's son my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy.

O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me accounts where is my noble fere [3],
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To others leef [4], but unto me most dear!

Echo, alas, that does my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint!
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint.
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my sole relief.

Earl of Surrey.

LE LUTH SINCÈRE.

Blame not my lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me :

1. Happen. — 2. Pleasure. — 3. Companion. — 4. Agreeable.

Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my lute!

My lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me:
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my lute!

My lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way:
And though the songs which I indite,
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my lute shall sound that same:
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my lute!

Farewell, unknown! for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,

Yet have I found out for thy sake,
  Strings for to string my lute again:
And if perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
        Blame not my lute!

Th. Wyatt.

LE LUTH PLAINTIF.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
  With thy green mother in some shady grove,
  When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
  Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
  Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
  Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
  For which be silent as in woods before:
    Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
    Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain!

W. Drummond

ODE A DIANE.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair!
  Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver car,
  State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth! let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever,
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

Ben Jonson.

LE COURS DES CHOSES.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

G. Herbert.

LE CHEVALIER CAPTIF,

AU TEMPS DE CHARLES Ier.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
 ishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, linnet like confined, I
  With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
  That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

B. Lovelace

L'ALLEGRO.

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with Liberty and thee
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees ;
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks.
Sometimes with secure delight

The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. Milton.

LE PENSEROSO.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heavens' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
  Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till silver-suited morn appear,
Nor trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill.
Ending on the rustling leaves.

With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess! bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt:
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings an airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

J. Milton.

LA FÊTE D'ALEXANDRE.

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd ;
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ,
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes.

And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes!
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree :
'T was but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures:
War, he sang, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause...

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear!
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengence due
To the valiant crew :
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt ring temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown :
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

J. Dryden (*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*).

LA LYRE D'ORPHÉE.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound ;
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music floats,
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts:

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads:

« By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow,
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife! »
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er Hell;
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!

Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Besides the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

A. Pope (*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*).

LES PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung--but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien; [head
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd—
Sad proof of thy distressful state!—

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung, —
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power:
Thy mimic soul, o nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page.
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound;
Oh! bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

W. Collins.

CHANT DES ANGLAIS.

When Britain first, at Heavn's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain :
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke :
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

J. Thomson

ASPECT DE L'ORIENT.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the Sun :
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

G. Byron. (*Bride of Abydos*).

IMAGE DE LA GRÈCE,

AVANT SON AFFRANCHISSEMENT.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there.

The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treach'rous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look, by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hov'ring round Decay,
A farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heav'nly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave.

O servile offspring of the free !
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis.
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise! and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires.

G. Byron (*The Giaour*).

ADIEUX A L'OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the wat'ry plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths – thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shiv'ring on thy playful spray
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike th' Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou!
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror ! where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed ; in breeze, or gale, or storm ;
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity ; the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou go'st forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers : they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

G. Byron (*Childe Harold*).

LE HOUX.

O reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize ;
And in the wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,

Gentle at home amid my friends I 'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
        Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
        Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
        So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
        Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear, among
        The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay,
        More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

R. Southey

LE NUAGE.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
    From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
    In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
    The sweet buds ev'ry one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
    As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
    And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain,
    And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
    And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
    While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the tow'rs of my skyey bowers,
    Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
    It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
    This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
    In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
    Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
    The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sun-rise, with his meteor eyes,
    And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
    When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
    In the light of its golden wings;
And when sun-set may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
    Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
    From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
    As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimm'ring o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
As over a torrent sea,
Sun-beam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die:
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sun-beams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise ana unbuild it again.

P. Shelley.

A L'ALOUETTE.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Meets around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

P. Shelley.

AU COUCOU.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
  Or but a wand'ring voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
  Thy loud note smites my ear,
It seems to fill the whole air's space,
  At once far off and near.

I hear thee babbling to the vale
  Of sunshine and of flow'rs;
But unto me thou bring'st a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
  E'en yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
  I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
  In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
  Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
  Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet,
  Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
  That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
  Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
  That is fit home for thee.

W. Wordsworth.

LE CALME DU SOIR.

Night's wing is on the east—the clouds repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose,
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent
In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sigh'd by blossoms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From evening's airy urns their purple lips has chill'd.

Twilight has come in saffron mists embower'd:
For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge,
Now sparkling in the fiery flashes shower'd
From his swift wheels—the forest vapours urge
Their solemn wings above—white stars emerge
From the dark east, like spires of mountain snows
Touch'd by the light upon th' horizon's verge;
Just rising from her sleep, the young moon shows,
Supine upon the clouds, her cheeks suffused with rose.

This is the loveliest hour of all that day
Calls upwards through its kingdom of the air.
The sights and sounds of earth have died away;
Above, the clouds are roll'd against the glare
Of the red west, high volumed waves, that war
Against a diamond promontory's side,
Crested with one sweet solitary star,
That, like a watch-fire, trembles on the tide,
Brightening with ev'ry shade that on its surge doth ride.

G. Croly.

LA VOIX DU PRINTEMPS.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;

Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green;
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, o ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine! I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

Mrs. Hemans.

LE TILLEUL TOMBÉ.

O joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey-time.
Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screen'd our grey forefathers
From the noontide's glow;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets
Rapt in fairy dreams.
O tree of our fathers! O hallowed tree!
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest thro' summer eves?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves?
Where shall now the ring-dove
Build again her nest,
She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast?
But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ring-dove, far more than the bee

These may yet find covert,
  Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
  Odour and soft sound :
But the gentle memories
  Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
  Round another tree?
O pride of our fathers! O hallowed tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

LE JEUNE CHAT.

Wanton droll! whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing!
  But not alone by cottage-fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire:

The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page,
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Joanna Baillie.

LE PYROSCAPHE.

Freighted with passengers of every sort,
A motley throng, thou leav'st the busy port.
Thy long and ample deck—where scattered lie
Baskets and cloaks, and shawls of scarlet dye,

Where dogs and children through the crowd are straying
And on the bench apart the fiddler playing,
While matron dames to tressel'd seats repair—
Seems on the gleamy waves a floating fair.

Its dark form on the sky's pale azure cast,
Towers from this clustering group thy pillared mast :
The dense smoke issuing from its narrow vent
Is to the air in curly volumes sent,
Which, coiling and uncoiling on the wind,
Trail like a writhing serpent far behind.
Beneath, as each merg'd wheel its motion plies,
On either side the white churn'd waters rise,
And, newly parted from the noisy fray,
Track with light ridgy foam the recent way;
Then far diverged, in many a welting line
Of lustre, on the distant surface shine.

Thou hold'st thy course in independent pride;
No leave ask'st thou of either wind or tide;
To whate'er point the breeze inconstant veer,
Still doth thy careless helmsman onward steer,
As if the stroke of some magician's wand
Had lent thee power the ocean to command.

Joanna Baillie.

LE PHARE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base.
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
  Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
  With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

And the great ships sail outward and return,
  Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
  They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
  Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
  Gaze at the tower, and vanish as they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
  On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
  He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
  Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
  Shines on that inextinguishable light.

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
  The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
  And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
  Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
  Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
  Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
  Dashes himself against the glaze and dies.

A new Prometheus chained upon the rock
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love :

" Sail on! it says, sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

H. Longfellow

POUVOIR DE LA MORT.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield :
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives! creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come

To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

J. Shirley.

PENSÉES NOCTURNES.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world :
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'T is as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end :
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate ! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
O ye bless'd scenes of permanent delight,
Full above measure, lasting beyond bound!
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better, or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate :
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

E. Young.

L'AME VICTORIEUSE.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, o quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say:
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

A. Pope.

LE CIMETIÈRE DE VILLAGE.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove:

Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn :"

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God !

Th. Gray.

L'ÉPITAPHE DU POËTE.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?
Oh, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,

Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend : whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

R. Burns.

LA MORT DU MONTAGNARD.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest

But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi[1],
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray[2],
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river.
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

W. Scott.

LA TOMBE DES BRAVES.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
  The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope they cherish'd
  Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
  Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
  That combat for freedom once more:

Could the chain for an instant be riven
  Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in man nor in Heaven
  To let tyranny bind it again!

But 't is past—and, though blazon'd in story
  The name of our victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
  Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
  Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
  On liberty's ruins to fame!

Th. Moore

1. Hill-side. — 2. Fight

LA MÈRE IRLANDAISE

DEVANT SON FILS TUÉ.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!
At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled:
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes,
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.
I shall go to sit beside thee
Thy kindred's graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper;
I shall hear it not long!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost son in the earth;
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down! Let silence
  On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
  His lone mother's call!
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
  Silent and dark!

Mrs. Hemans

LE DERNIER HOMME.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of time:
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight, the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
  In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
  As if a storm passed by;

Saying :—"We 're twins in death, proud sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

Th Campbell.

LE POËTE MOURANT ET LE ROSSIGNOL.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
ance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim—

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem, become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear the passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley's glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

J. Keats.

A UNE MOMIE ÉGYPTIENNE.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune

Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
  Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
  To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
  Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
  Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
  Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
  Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
  Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
  New worlds have risen – we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread.
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis.

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder;
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

H. Smith.

V.

MORCEAUX ÉPIQUES ET DESCRIPTIFS.

ENTRÉE DE SATAN DANS L'ENFER.

" Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid
What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
Whom reason has equall'd, force has made supreme
Above his equals.—Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail!
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell!
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same?
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder has made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more

With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, th' flow'r of Heav'n once yours, now lost
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal sp'rits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n;
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!"
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing....
He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-angel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows

Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain :
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory wither'd : as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

J. Milton (*Paradise Lost*).

INVOCATION DU POËTE A LA LUMIÈRE.

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Thro' utter and thro' middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Tho' hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

J. Milton.

LE PARADIS TERRESTRE.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and, with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks
Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art,
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs—and flocks

Grazing the tender herb—were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.

J. Milton.

PAROLES D'ÈVE A ADAM.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
" My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains :
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird ; and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n her starry train :

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet. »

J. Milton.

VUE DE LA TAMISE.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

J. Denham (*Cooper's Hill*)

PORTRAIT DU CHEVALIER HUDIBRAS.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper art whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
T' was bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom, with resolution;
'T oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured.
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which. 't was to stand fast,

As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'T was to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with his whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow....
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied:
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 't was so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case
As if it durst not show its face....
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 't would not care :
'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get :
These would inveigle rats with the scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap :
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes....
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for he had but one,
As most agree, tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserved a grave, majestic state :
At spur or switch, no more he skipp'd,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd,
And yet so fiery—he would bound,
As if he grieved to touch the ground—
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof'd,

Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up,
So Hudibras's ('t is well known)
Would often do, to set him down.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel :
His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt;
Still as his tender side he prick'd
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd.

S. Butler (*Hudibras*).

LA MÈCHE DE CHEVEUX ENLEVÉE.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle and the mill turns round.
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze.
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half shut eyes,
Sent up new vapours to the baron's brain,
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just gods. and think of Scylla's fate!

Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair,
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she drew back and thrice the foe drew near.
The peer now spreads the glittering forceps wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide :
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again);
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head for ever and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of terror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last,
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

A. Pope (*Rape of the Lock*).

LA PLUIE DE PRINTEMPS.

The North-East spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingled deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing wood,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'T is silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool

Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitudes of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy, fired, anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

J. Thomson (*The Seasons*).

LES INSECTES.

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour, of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze! To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the greenwood glade
Some love to stray, there lodged, amused, and fed
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower
And every latent herb; for the sweet task
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,

Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, welt'ring in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wand'rer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnared he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leading line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strides backward, grimly pleased : the flutt'ring wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

J. Thomson.

LA ZONE TORRIDE.

Along these lonely regions, where retired,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanced from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies;
He fearless walks the plains or seeks the hills...
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;

Or 'mid the central depth of black'ning woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes....
  But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods
That grace the plains, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold.
But what avails this wond'rous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her od'rous woods, and shining ivory stores?
  Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which, diffused,
He throws his folds; and while, with threat'ning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shiv'ring flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste,
And, scorning all the taming arts of man.

The keen hyena, fellest of the fell—
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innum'rous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her flutt'ring breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escaped,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

J. Thomson.

LE PAYSAN DANS LES NEIGES.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!

When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

J. Thomson.

LA MAITRESSE D'ÉCOLE.

In every village, mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle wo;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low
And as they looked, they found their horror grew
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny ray!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came—

Such favour did her past deportment claim—
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
at sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways,
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque have cover'd o'er;
With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I implore
For well may freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;

For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
Oh never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers!
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight, who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king!

W. Shenstone (*The Schoolmistress*).

LE CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from town he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

O. Goldsmith (*The Deserted Village*).

ESQUISSES DE PEUPLES.

LES ITALIENS.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

LES SUISSES.

....Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

LES FRANÇAIS.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease!
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,

And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

O. Goldsmith (*The Traveller*).

LA MATINÉE D'HIVER.

'T is morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, up spearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep

In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.

W. Cooper (*The Task*).

LE JOURNAL.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no-meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there.

With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless; ringlets for the bald;
Heav'n, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs;
Æthereal journeys; submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread....
'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations : I behold
The tumult, and am still; the sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound...
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,

And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me!
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes :
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

W. Cowper.

LA MORT DE MARMION.

A FLODDEN FIELD.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sun-beams now were bent;
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say :—
" Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward, to the banks of Till,
Was wreath'd in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud envelop'd Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke.
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne

King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
*   *   *   *
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken braud,
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand;
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By St. George, he 's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount, thy brawling cease,
He opes his eyes," said Eustace, "peace!"
When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, charge again!

Cry—' Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's! Fly!
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to lord Surrey hie!
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield;
Edmund is down!—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost.
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay.
Clare drew her from the sight away;
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd :—" Is there none,
  Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
  To slake my dying thirst!"

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
  A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
  To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank lord Marmion of the wave.

*   *   *   *

With fruitless labour Clara bound,

And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers :
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung.
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
Oh think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted — "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

W. Scott (*Marmion.*)

LE COMBAT DE TAUREAUX.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all a foot, the light-limb'd matadore

Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed;
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threat'ning front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.
Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart, nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Tho' man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source!
Tho' death-struck still his feeble frame he rears,
Stagg'ring, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
Once more thro' all he bursts his thund'ring way:
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheath'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;
Slowly he falls—amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears; on high
The corse is piled. Sweet sight for vulgar eyes!
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

G. Byron (*Childe Harold*).

SOIRÉE EN ITALIE.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night:
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
oats thro' the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heav'n: but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill.

As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order ; gently flows
The deep-dy'd Brenta, where their hues instil
Th' odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heav'n, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters : all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains : parting day
Dies like the dolphin whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone, and all is gray.

G. Byron.

LE LAC DE GENÈVE.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life in infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil.

Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 't is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep —
All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night. Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

G. Byron.

L'ABBAYE DE NEWSTEAD.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid-oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke,
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around; the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church of Rome's) stood half apart

In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
  These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
  And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
  Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
  But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
  The annals of full many a line undone—
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
  The virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
  Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
  This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
  Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
  Streaming from off the sun like seraphs' wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
  The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

G. Byron (*Don Juan*)

GIAFFIR ET ZULEIKA.

Zuleika paraît devant son père.

But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
  Like Houri's hymn it meets mine ear :
She is the offspring of my choice;
  O more than e'en her mother dear!
With all to hope and nought to fear—
My Peri! ever welcome here!
Sweet as the desert-fountain's wave
To lips just cool'd in time to save,
  Such to my longing sight art thou,
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
More thanks for life than I for thine,
  Who bless'd thy birth and bless thee now.

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
  Across her gently-budding breast,
At one kind word these arms extending
  To clasp the neck of him who bless'd
  His child caressing and caress'd,
Zuleika came, and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt :
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart, though stern, could ever feel;
Affection chain'd her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart....

Mort de Zuleika.

By Helles' stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
  Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
    Thy destined lord is come too late;
  He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
        Can he not hear

The loud Wul-wullah warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale?
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all;
And that last thought on him thou couldst not save,
Sufficed to kill,
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!
Ah! happy but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!'
Thrice happy ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
And oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand, Abdallah—Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter 's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The star hath set that shone on Helles' stream.
What quench'd its ray?—The blood that thou hast shed

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?"—An echo answers—"Where?"

G. Byron (*The Bride of Abydos*).

ADIEUX DE HINDA AU GUÈBRE

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I 've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And bursting into heart-felt tears:
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'T was bright, 't was heav'nly, but 't is past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;
Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heav'n, it may be death to thee!
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

Th. Moore (*Lalla Rookh*).

LA VIE HUMAINE.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran

Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin,
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled—
"'T was on these knees he sat so oft and smiled.'

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping 's heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human life : so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour !

S. Rogers (*Pleasures of Memory*.

LE MONT BLANC.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course, so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc?
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale
Or struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink.

Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. Coleridge

LA CATARACTE DE NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; yes, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless! God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet; and He does give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise. Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump, that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peals sublime

Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abash'd; for he hath need to sleep
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows from their vexing play
To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name, and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscrib'd
Upon thy rocky scroll. The lofty trees
That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 't is meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Unblam'd, and warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof; but, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee: methinks to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point
Were but to press on Sinai. Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop
From his right hand, bidding the soul that looks
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him!

Mrs. Sigourney.

VI.

SCÈNES DRAMATIQUES.

LA SCÈNE DU MONDE.

.... All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion :
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
W. Shakspeare (*As You Like It*).

CORIOLAN CHEZ AUFIDIUS, ROI DES VOLSQUES.

CORIOLANUS. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
AUFIDIUS. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou has a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What 's thy name?
COR. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?
AUF. I know thee not. Thy name?
COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee: for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

AUF. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'T is true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour........
.... Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;

We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat. . . . . . .

W. Shakspeare (*Coriolanus*).

CLÉOPATRE SUR LE FLEUVE CYDNUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.—
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swells with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

W. Shakspeare (*Antony and Cleopatra*).

LA REINE DES FÉES.

Romeo. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mercutio. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you!
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

W. Shakspeare (*Romeo and Juliet*).

MONOLOGUE DE HAMLET.

SUR LA VIE ET LA MORT.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them : To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause : there 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

W. Shakspeare (*Hamlet*).

TERREURS DE MACBETH.

AVANT DE TUER DUNCAN.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door.

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other....
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?—or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing!
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives—
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell! [*Exit.*

W. Shakspeare (*Macbeth*).

JALOUSIE D'OTHELLO CONTRE DESDÉMONE.

OTHELLO, IAGO.

IAGO. Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandra-
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, [gora,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou own'dst yesterday.
OTHELLO. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?
IAGO. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
OTH. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack;
I swear, 't is better to be much abused,
Than but to know 't a little.
IAGO. How now, my lord?
OTH. He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all.
IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.
OTH. I had been happy,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind: farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

W. Shakspeare (*Othello*).

MEURTRE DES FILS D'ÉDOUARD,

RACONTÉ PAR TYRREL.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story :—
" O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes!"
" Thus, thus," quod Forrest, " girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind;
But, oh the devil! "—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on :—" We smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

W. Shakspeare (*Richard III*).

DÉSESPOIR DE FAUST

A L'HEURE FATALE.

Oh, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day : or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite, Noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I will leap to heaven : who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament :
One drop of blood will save me : Oh, my Christ!
Rend not, my heart, for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him : O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 't is gone!
And see a threat'ning arm, and angry bow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth :
Gape, earth! Oh no! it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven
(*The watch strikes.*)

Oh, half the hour is past : 't will all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin.
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved!
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus! curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
(*The clock strikes twelve.*)
It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be changed into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean! ne'er be found.
(*Thunder, and enter the devils.*)
Oh mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

Ch. Marlow (*Faustus*).

MORT DE SILIUS DANS LE SÉNAT.

Accusé d'avoir dit qu'il avait sauvé l'empire, Silius, pour se dérober au supplice, se poignarde.

Personnages : TIBÈRE, SILIUS, SÉJAN, AFER, COTTA, VARRON GALLUS, LATINUS, *ennemis de Silius;* ARRUNTIUS, SABINUS, *ses amis.*

AFER. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial;
He shall have justice.
SIL. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.
AFER. Would you have more?
SIL. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more:
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends.
AFER. He raves, he raves.
SIL. Thou durst not tell me so,
Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me,
VAR. This betrays his spirit:
This doth enough declare him what he is.
SIL. What am I? speak.
VAR. An enemy to the state.
SIL. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.
SEJ. This to the consul is most insolent
And impious!
SIL. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves.
Alas! I scent not your confed'racies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all
This boast of law, and law is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere engine.

To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice? I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me that your ends
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provok'd;
Have I for this so oft engaged myself?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-eyed Gauls
And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles
Have fann'd the fire with their labouring wings:
And no blow dealt that left not death behind it?
When I have charged, alone, into the troops
Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and came
Not off with backward ensigns of a slave,
But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
And have I this return?

Afer. Silius, Silius,
This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt
Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
That saved the empire, which had then been lost,
Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd or mutin'd!
Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril!
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome, their surety,
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state
Their being was a donative from thee!

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.

Tib. Is this true, Silius?

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,

Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.
ARR. Excellent Roman!
SAB. He doth answer stoutly.
SEJ. If this be so, there needs no other cause
Of crime against him.
VAR. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay?
COT. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.
LAT. His means are clean destroy'd that should requite
GAL. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.
ARR. Gallus on that side too?
SIL. Come do not hunt
And labour so about for circumstance
To make him guilty whom you have foredoom'd :
Take shorter ways; I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say :
Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
Thou still hast fear'd me; benefits with you,
Are of no longer pleasure than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
COT. Suffer him speak no more.
VAR. Not but his spirit.
AFER. This shows him in the rest.
SEJ. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.
LAT. Let him be censured.
COT. His thoughts look through his words.
SEJ. A censure—
SIL. Stay,
Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not placed
His guards within him, against fortune's spite.

So weakly, but he can escape your gripe,
That are but hands of fortune : she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
The senate's servile flattery, and these
Muster'd to kill, I 'm fortified against,
And can look down upon : they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd;
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them,
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die (*Stabs himself*).
VAR. O desperate act!
ARR. An honourable hand!
TIB. Look, is he dead?
SAB. 'T was nobly struck, and home.
ARR. My thought did prompt him to it.
Farewell, Silius!
Be famous ever for thy great example.

Ben Jonson (*Sejanus' Fall*).

ÉLOGE DE LA BIENFAISANCE.

Personnages : LUKE, SIR JOHN.

LUKE. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence : not let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth 's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing

Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries (I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for 't!); while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable. —
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. —
  Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge (pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement), in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge

For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd ; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion. —
  SIR JOHN. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
  LUKE. No, sir, but intreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
  SIR JOHN. How, my good brother? ſeat,
  LUKE. By making these your beadsmen. When they
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Ph. Massinger (*The City Madam*).

CÉSAR PLEURANT POMPÉE.

Personnages : PHOTIN (*portant la tête de Pompée*), ACHORÉE, PTOLÉMÉE, CÉSAR, SCÉVA. ANTOINE. DOLABELLA

  PHO. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambition's honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:

Here they take life ; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for 't, all Egypt.

ACH. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 't is easily got, it comes the safer :
Yet let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war : he was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right again :
This was a love to Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! see, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey !

SCE. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Oh thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee and pluck'd thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets

And loose lascivious pleasures; to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Th' hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No; brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

Sce. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he 'd set his face.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?

Sce. Let me give 'em:

I 'll give 'em such as Nature never dream'd of;
I 'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I 'll bake them.

Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that 's recompense
You' re young and ignorant; that pleads your pardon;
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provok'd you.
Your minsters, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd : I 'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful. Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 't were your brightest sister's
(But her you hate), I would not be behind you.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!

Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :
You 're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you show'd to Pompey.
You 've found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,

And now you 've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!

Beaumont et Fletcher (*The False One*).

FIN DE LA POÉSIE.

NOTICES

SUR LES AUTEURS ANGLAIS

CITÉS DANS LES TROIS SÉRIES.

A

ADDISON (Joseph), né en 1672, à Milston, comté de Wilts; mort en 1719 à Holland House, près de Londres. Addison a laissé *Papers in the Tattler*, *in the Spectator*, 1709 et années suivantes; *Cato, a tragedy*, 1713 : *Evidence of Christianity*, *Poems*, etc.

AIKIN (Dr. John), né en 1747, mort en 1822. Aikin est le père de Mrs. Barbauld; il a composé *A general Biographical Dictionary*, *Annals of the Reign of George III*.

AKENSIDE (Dr. Marck), né en 1721, à Newcastle-on-Tyne; mort en 1770. Il a écrit *Pleasures of Imagination*, etc.

ARBUTHNOT (Dr. John), est mort en 1735. Ami et collaborateur de Pope, Arbuthnot a laissé plusieurs satires en prose.

ARMSTRONG (Dr. John), né en 1732, en Écosse; mort en 1779. Poëme didactique : *The Art of preserving Health*, etc.

ARNOLD (Dr. Thomas), né en 1795, mort en 1842. Directeur de l'école de Rugby, Arnold a laissé *Roman History*, *Essays*, *Letters*, *Discourses*.

ARNOTT (Dr. Neil), professeur de l'institut royal de Londres. *Elements of Physics; Discourse upon Natural Philosophy*, etc.

SCHAM (Roger), né en 1511, dans le Yorkshire; mort en 1568. Précepteur de la reine Élisabeth, Ascham a écrit *Toxophilus*, en 1544; *The Schoolmaster*, *Epistles*, etc.

DUBON (Jean-Jacques), né en Amérique en 1782. Cet auteur contemporain a écrit : *Supplement to Wilson's American Ornithology*, etc.

B

BACON (Francis, Lord Verulam), né à Londres le 22 janvier 1561; mort en 1626. *Essays*, 1597; *Advancement of Learning*, 1605; *Novum Organum*, 1620; *Histories*, etc.

BAILLIE (Joanna), née en 1764, en Écosse; morte en 1848, à Hampstead, près Londres. *Plays of the Passions. Family Legend, a tragedy*, etc.

BARBAULD (Mrs.) [Miss Aikin], née en 1743, morte en 1825. Mrs. Barbauld a publié de nombreux volumes en prose et en vers, destinés surtout aux enfants.

BARLOW (Joel), né en 1755 aux États-Unis; mort en 1812 à Wilna, poëte et publiciste américain, auteur d'un poëme héroïque qu'il fit paraître en 1787 sous le titre de *Columbiad.*

BARROW (Dr. Isaac), né en 1630, à Londres, mort en 1677, à Cambridge. Professeur de mathématiques à l'université de Cambridge, Barrow céda cette chaire à Newton et se consacra tout entier à la théologie. *Sermons.*

BARTON (Bernard), né en 1780, mort en 1850. De la secte des quakers, Barton a publié divers poëmes d'un caractère moral et religieux.

BEATTIE (Rev. Dr. James), né en 1735; mort en 1803, en Écosse. *The Minstrel, The Hermit, poems; Force of Truth*, ouvrage de controverse, etc.

BEAUMONT, né en 1586, mort en 1615; a composé avec Fletcher une cinquantaine de drames.

BECKFORD (William), auteur contemporain, fit paraître, en 1784, l'histoire du calife Vathek, d'abord en français, puis en anglais. On prétend que le personnage de Vathek inspira à Byron celui de son *Corsaire.* Beckford publia à l'âge de dix-huit ans, *Biographical Memoirs of extraordinary Painters*; et en 1780, *Sketches of Italy.*

BELZONI (John Baptist), né à Padoue en 1778, mort en Afrique en 1823. Belzoni voyagea en Égypte pour le compte d'une société anglaise, depuis 1815 jusqu'en 1819. Il fit paraître en 1820: *A Narration of recent discoveries within the Pyramids and Temples, in Egypt and Nubia.*

BENTHAM (Jeremy), né en 1748, mort en 1832. Légiste et économiste remarquable, Bentham a laissé plusieurs ouvrages qui sont principalement connus par les traductions françaises qu'on en a données.

BIGLAND, auteur de plusieurs traités élémentaires d'histoire naturelle, mort il y a une vingtaine d'années.

BLAIR (Rev. Robert), né en 1700, en Écosse; mort en 1748. Son poëme principal est *The Grave.*

BLAIR (Rev. Hugh), né en 1718, à Édimbourg; mort en 1800. *Rhetoric, Sermons*, etc.

BLESSINGTON (Lady, née Power), Irlandaise, morte en 1849. *Travelling Sketches in Belgium; Conversations with Lord Byron; The Repealers,* roman; *The Idler in Italy; The Idler in France*, 1841, etc.

BLOOMFIELD (Robert), né en 1766, mort en 1823. Bloomfield étai uvrier cordonnier : il a laissé les poëmes *Farmer's Boy; Rura ales*, etc.

BOLINGBROKE (Henry Saint John, Lord), né en 1672, mort en 1751 homme d'État et orateur célèbre, Bolingbroke a laissé *The Patriot King*, *The Study of History*, etc.

BOWLES (Rev. William Lisle), né en 1762, mort en 1845. Bowles a écrit des sonnets et des poésies lyriques.

BROOKE (Henry), né en 1706, mort en 1783. *Poem on Beauty, Gustavus Vasa*, *a tragedy; The Fool of Quality*, *a novel*, etc.

BROUGHAM (Henry, Lord), orateur remarquable, ex-grand-chancelier. Brougham a beaucoup écrit. *The pleasures of Science; Statesmen of the Reign of George III; A Translation of Demosthenes*, etc. Il a même publié une Vie de Voltaire en langue française.

BROWN (Thomas ou Tom), bel esprit et satirique, mort à Londres, en 1704. *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, etc.

BROWNE (Sir Thomas), né en 1605, à Londres; mort en 1682, à Norwich. Browne était médecin : il a écrit *Religio Medici; Vulgar Errors; Hydriotaphia; Christian Morals*, etc.

BRUCE (James, of Kinnaird), né en 1730, dans le comté de Stirling (Ecosse); mort en 1794. *Travels in Abyssinia*, publié en 1790.

BRYANT (William Cullen), né en 1794 aux Etats-Unis, poëte lyrique et publiciste à New-York.

BRYDONE, né en 1743, en Ecosse; mort en 1818. Ami de Walter Scott et gendre de Robertson, Brydone donna en 1773 son *Tour through Sicily and Malta*.

BUCKINGHAM (George Villiers, Duke of), né en 1627, mort en 1688 Buckingham a laissé plusieurs écrits; entre autres, *The Rehearsal*, comédie dans laquelle il attaque Dryden sous le sobriquet de Bayes.

BUCKINGHAM (Sheffield, Duke of), né en 1649, à Londres; mor en 1721. *Essay on Poetry*, etc.

BURKE (Edmund), né en 1730, à Dublin; mort en 1797. *Treatis on the Sublime and Beautiful; Reflexions on the French Revo lution; Discourses*, etc.

BURLEIGH (Cecil, Lord), né en 1560, mort en 1598. *Discourses Despatches, State Papers*, etc.

BURNET (Bishop Gilbert), né en 1643, à Édimbourg; mort en 1715. *History of the English Reformation; Memoirs*, etc.

BURNS (Robert), né en 1759, en Écosse; mort en 1796. *Poems in the Scottish Dialect*, 1786; *Songs, Letters*, etc.

BURTON (Robert), né en 1576, mort en 1640. *The anatomy of Melancholy.*

BUTLER (Samuel), né en 1612, mort en 1680. *Hudibras, a mock-heroic poem*, publié en trois parties, 1663-78.

BUTLER (Joseph), évêque de Durham, né en 1692, mort en 1752. L'ouvrage le plus remarquable de Butler a pour titre : *The Analogy of religion natural and revealed to the constitution and course of Nature.*

BYRON (George Gordon, Lord), né en 1788, à Londres; mort en 1824, à Missolonghi. *Hours of Idleness*, 1807; *English Bards*, 1809; *Childe Harold, Part I*, 1812; *The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos*, 1813; *Corsair, Lara, Siege of Corinth, Prisoner of Chillon, Manfred, Lament of Tasso*, 1817; *Beppo*, 1818; *Mazeppa* et les premiers chants de *Don Juan*, 1819; tragédies et poésies diverses, étincelantes de beautés.

C

CAMPBELL (Thomas), né en 1777, à Glasgow; mort en 1844, à Boulogne-sur-mer. *Pleasures of Hope*, 1799; *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1809; poésies lyriques.

CANNING (Right Hon. George), né en 1770, mort en 1827. Satires; des chansons : *The Knife-grinder*, parodies des vers saphiques de Southey; *The Loves of the Triangles*, parodie d'un poëme de Darwin; poésies lyriques.

CARLYLE (Thomas), né en Écosse. Carlyle a beaucoup écrit. *A Life of Schiller*, 1836; *The French Revolution*, 1837; *Hero Worship*, 1841; *The Past and Present*, 1843, etc.

CHALMERS (Rev. Dr. Thomas), né en Écosse vers 1780, mort en 1849. *Political Economy; Sermons; Astronomical Discourses; Christianity*, etc.

CHATHAM (William Pitt, Earl of), né en 1708, mort en 1778. *Parliamentary Harangues.*

CHATTERTON (Thomas), né en 1752, à Bristol; mort en 1770, à Londres. *Rowley's Poems*, etc.

CHAUCER (Geoffrey), né à Londres en 1328, mort en 1400, le plus ancien des poëtes anglais, auteur des *Canterbury Tales* et d'autres poésies pleines de sel et de gaieté.

. CHESTERFIELD (Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of), né en 1694 mort en 1773. *Letters to is Son; Speeches.*

CIBBER (Colley), né en 1671, mort en 1757. Acteur et poëte lauréat Cibber nous a laissé *An Autobiography ; The Careless Husband a comedy*, etc.

CLARENDON (Edward Hyde, Lord), né en 1608, mort en 1674. *History of the Grand Rebellion*, etc.

CLARKE (Dr. Samuel), né en 1675, à Norwich; mort en 1729 *Translation of Rohault's Physics*, 1697 ; *the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion ; The Being and Attributes of God*, 1704, etc.

COBBETT (William), né en 1762, mort en 1835. Militaire et écrivain politique, Cobbett a publié successivement *Porcupine's Works*, Philadelphie, 1794-68; *Political Register*, Londres, 1801-1835; *Parliamentary History and Debates*, 1803-1810, etc.

COLERIDGE (Samuel Taylor), né en 1721, dans le comté de Devon; mort en 1834, à Highgate, près de Londres. *Fall of Robespierre, a drama*, 1794; *Wallenstein*, 1800; *Remorse, a tragedy*, 1813; *The Ancient Mariner*, etc., et des ouvrages en prose.

COLLING (Mary), contemporaine, auteur de poésies légères.

COLLINS (William), né en 1720, à Chichester; mort en 1756. *Odes, Oriental Eclogues*, etc.

COLMAN (George, the Younger), né en 1762, mort en 1836. *Dramas, Comedies, Humorous Poems.*

COLTON (Rev. Charles Caleb), né vers 1770, mort en 1832. *Lacon*, ouvrage en prose; *A Monody on Lord Byron*, etc.

CONGREVE (William), né à Leeds en 1670, mort en 1727. *The Old Bachelor, The double Dealer, Love for Love*, comédies; *The Mourning Bride*, tragédie, etc.

COOPER (Fenimore), nouvelliste américain, mort en 1853, un des premiers imitateurs de Walter Scott dans le roman historique. Ses meilleurs romans sont : *The Spy, The Last of the Mohicans, The Red Rover* et *The Prairie.*

CORBET (Bishop Richard), né en 1582, mort en 1635. *Visit to Paris*, et plusieurs petits poëmes.

COTTON (Dr. Nathaniel), né en 1711, mort en 1788. *Visions in verse, for Children;* des poésies mêlées.

COWLEY (Abraham), né en 1608, à Londres; mort en 1667. *Davideis*, poëme épique; *The Cutter of Coleman-street*, comédie; poésies lyriques; *Essays, Letters*, etc.

COWPER (William), né en 1731, mort en 1800, à Norfolk. *Poems, The Task*, 1782; *Translation of Homer*, 1791; *Letters*, etc.

CRABBE (Rev. George), né en 1754, dans le comté de Suffolk; mort

en 1832. Ce poëte nous a laissé : *The Library*, 1781 ; *The Village Parish Register, The Borough, Tales in Verse, Tales of the Hall* 1812, etc.

CROLY (Rev. George), recteur de l'église de Saint-Stephen, à Londres. Ce poëte contemporain a donné : *The Angel of the World, Gems from the Antique*, etc., et ouvrages en prose.

CUNNINGHAM (John), né en 1729, à Dublin ; mort en 1733. *Day, a pastoral*, etc.

D

DANIEL (Samuel), né en 1562, mort en 1619. Sonnets, poésies diverses. Daniel a également écrit en prose : *History of the Civil Wars*, etc.

DARWIN (Dr. Erasmus), médecin, né en 1732, mort en 1812. *The Botanic Garden*, poëme allégorique et didactique ; *Zoonomia, Loves of the Plants*, etc.

DAVENANT (Sir William), né en 1605, à Oxford ; mort en 1668. Davenant fut nommé poëte lauréat à la place de Ben Jonson ; il fit un poëme sur la mort de Shakspeare ; *Gondibert*, poëme inachevé ; des mascarades pour la cour, des pièces de théâtre, etc.

DAVY (Sir Humphry), né en 1778, mort en 1829. *Researches Chemical and Philosophical; Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, 1813 ; *Salmonia, or Fly-Fishing*, 1828, etc.

DAY (Thomas), né en 1748, à Londres ; mort en 1789, Day est auteur de plusieurs poëmes : *The Dying Negro*, etc. De 1783 à 1789, il fit paraître en trois parties son *Sandford and Merton*, que Berquin a si bien traduit.

DEFOE (Daniel), né en 1663, à Londres ; mort en 1731. *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719 ; *The Life of Colonel Jack; Memoirs of a Cavalier*, etc. Defoe a publié beaucoup d'écrits politiques, la première *Revue* d'ouvrages contemporains, et deux satires en vers : *The Trueborn Englishman, An Ode to the Pillory.*

DENHAM (Sir John), né en 1615, à Dublin ; mort en 1668. *The Sophy*, tragédie : *Elegy on Cowley; Cooper's-hill*, poëme descriptif.

DEQUINCY (Thomas), littérateur contemporain. Son ouvrage le plus connu, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, parut en 1822 ; articles de critique, poésies, etc.

DICKENS (Charles), nouvelliste anglais contemporain, célèbre sous le pseudonyme de *Boz*. Ses meilleurs ouvrages sont : *The Pickwick papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit.*

DISRAELI (Isaac), bibliophile distingué, né en 1765-6, mort en 1848. *Quarrels of Authors, Calamities of Autors, Curiosities of Literature, Amenities of Literature*, etc.

DODSLEY (Robert), né en 1703, mort en 1764. Dodsley fut valet de pied d'abord, puis libraire-éditeur. Il a laissé *Fables in prose and verse*, et le célèbre traité de morale, longtemps attribué à Chesterfield : *The Economy of Human Life*, etc.

DONNE (Dr. John), né en 1573, mort en 1631, *Satires, Elegies.* Les satires de Donne ont été refaites par Pope.

DORSET (Charles Sackville, comte de), né en 1649, mort en 1707. Protecteur éclairé des lettres, Dorset a lui-même laissé des poésies assez gracieuses.

DRUMMOND (William), né en 1585, en Écosse; mort en 1649. *Sonnets, Elegies, Didactic Poems,* etc.

DRYDEN (John), né en 1631, mort en 1700, à Londres. *Fables, Dramas, Satires, Translation of the Æneid, the Georgics,* etc. Dryden a aussi composé *Essay on the Drama,* des drames, des préfaces critiques, des dédicaces.

DYER (Rev. John), né en 1700, dans le pays de Galles; mort en 1758. Dyer a laissé les poëmes de *Grongar Hill, The Fleece,* etc.

E

EARLE (Bishop John), aumônier et précepteur du prince Charles, né en 1601, mort en 1665. Son principal ouvrage est *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters.*

EDGEWORTH (Miss Maria), d'origine irlandaise, est née en 1770 dans le comté d'Oxford. Le plus spirituel de nos romanciers moralistes, Miss Edgeworth a produit beaucoup de contes moraux, et des romans d'un ordre élevé : *Castle Rackrent, Belinda,* 1802; *Popular Tales, Leonora, Tales of Fashionable Life, Patronage, Harrington and Ormond, Harriet and Lucy, Helen,* 1834, etc.

ELLIOTT (Ebenezer), né en 1781, près de Sheffield; mort tout récemment. Auteur des *Corn-Law Rhymes,* etc.

ELLIS (Henry) publia en 1818 et en deux volumes un compte rendu de l'ambassade en Chine, celle dont fut chargé lord Amherst en 1816.

EMERSON (Edward), Américain, littérateur contemporain et imitateur de Carlyle : *Essays, Orations,* etc.

EVELYN (John), né en 1620, mort en 1706. *Sylva,* traité sur les arbres, 1664; *Terra,* 1675. Evelyn a laissé *A Diary,* ou journal des événements de son temps, qui n'a été imprimé qu'en 1811.

F

FALCONER (William), né en 1730, à Edimbourg, périt sur mer, 69. Falconer a laissé *The Shipwreck* et plusieurs petits poëmes.

FARQUHAR (George), né en 1678, en Irlande; mort en 1707. Acteur d'abord, puis militaire, Farquhar fit paraître, en 1698, *Love and a Bottle*, comédie; deux années après, *The Constant Couple;* puis successivement, *Sir Harry Wildair*, *The Inconstant*, *The Rivals*, *The Recruiting Officer*, etc.

FIELDING (Henry), né en 1707, mort en 1754, à Lisbonne. Fielding nous a laissé le roman de *Joseph Andrews*, parodie de la Paméla de Richardson; *Tom Jones,* 1747; *Amelia*, ainsi que plusieurs pièces de théâtre.

FLETCHER (John), né en 1576, mort en 1625, auteur dramatique, collaborateur de Beaumont.

FORSYTH (Joseph), né en 1763, en Écosse; mort en 1815. Forsyth n'est connu que par ses *Remarks on antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy*, 1802-3.

FORTESCUE (Sir John), lord chef de justice et grand chancelier d'Angleterre sous le règne de Henri IV, est mort en 1465. Fortescue a laissé *Differences between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, etc.

FOX (Charles-James), né en 1748, mort en 1806. Fox a laissé *Speeches* et *Criticisms;* ses héritiers ont fait paraitre son *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.*

FRANCIS (Philip), mort en 1763, à Bath, a traduit Horace en 1742 et Démosthène en 1755; il est auteur de quelques pièces de théâtre.

FRANKLIN (Dr. Benjamin), né en 1706, en Amérique; mort en 1790. Franklin a laissé *An Autobiography*, *Essays*, etc.

FULLER (Rev. Thomas), né en 1608, mort en 1661. Ecclésiastique et chapelain de Charles II, Fuller a écrit le poëme *David's Heinous Sin*, 1631, etc. Il nous a laissé, en prose, *History of the Holy War*, 1640; *The Church History of Great Britain*, 1656, etc.

G

GALT (John), né en 1779, en Écosse; mort en 1830. Galt a laissé *Novels*, *Travels*, *Memoirs*, etc.

GARTH (Dr. Samuel). Garth, qui était médecin, est mort en 1718, à Londres. En 1697, il fit paraître *The Dispensary*, poëme héroï-comique, en six chants, dirigé contre les prétentions des pharmaciens.

GAY (John), né en 1688, mort en 1732. Gay a laissé des fables beaucoup trop vantées; plusieurs poëmes, *Rural Sports*, 1711; *Trivia*, ou l'art de se promener dans les rues; *The Beggar's Opera*, comédie mêlée de couplets, 1728, etc.

GIBBON (Edward), né en 1737, mort en 1794. Gibbon fit paraître en

1776 le premier volume de son grand ouvrage : *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Il avait débuté dans la carrière par un ouvrage écrit en français : Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature, 1761.

GIFFORD (William), né en 1756, mort en 1826. Traducteur de Juvénal, critique habile, éditeur du *Quarterly Review*. Gifford avait commencé la vie comme simple ouvrier cordonnier. Il nous a laissé deux satires, *The Baviad*, 1794; *The Mæviad*, 1795; des poésies lyriques et une autobiographie.

GILMAN (Mrs.), de Londres, auteur de poésies lyriques, a donné à Coleridge malade un généreux asile.

GLOVER (Richard), né en 1721, mort en 1783. *Leonidas*, poème épique, etc.

GODWIN (William), né en 1756, mort en 1836. *History of the English Commonwealth*, *Life and Age of Chaucer*, 1803. *Caleb Williams*, roman, etc.

GOLDSMITH (Dr. Oliver), né en 1728, en Irlande; mort en 1774, à Londres. Goldsmith a écrit des poëmes descriptifs, *The Traveller* 1764; *The Deserted Village.* Il est auteur de *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Good-natured Man*, comédies; du *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766; d'histoires d'Angleterre, de Rome, de Grèce, du *Citizen of the World;* de nombreux Essais, etc.

GRAY (Thomas) était professeur de langues modernes et d'histoire à l'université de Cambridge. Né en 1716, à Londres, Gray est mort en 1771. *The Progress of Poesy ; Odes*, *Elegies*, etc.

GREGORY (Dr. John), médecin distingué, né à Aberdeen en 1724, mort à Édimbourg en 1773. *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, ouvrage posthume du Dr. Gregory, parut en 1774.

H

HALL (Edward). Le juge Edward Hall a écrit en anglais l'histoire des *Wars of the Roses*, etc., est mort en 1547.

HALL (Bishop Joseph), né en 1574, mort en 1656. Hall fit paraître ses satires en vers en 1597-9.

HALLAM (Henry), littérateur et historien contemporain. *History of the Middle Ages*, *Constitutional History of England*, *History of the Literature of Europe*, etc.

HARRINGTON (Sir John), né en 1561, mort en 1612. Courtisan bel esprit, traducteur de l'*Orlando Furioso*, Harrington a laissé des mémoires, des épigrammes, etc.

HAZLITT (William), né en 1778, mort en 1830. *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, 1817 ; *The Spirit of the Age*, *Table Talk*, *Life of Napoleon*, etc.

HEAD (Major Sir Francis Bond), militaire et contemporain, nous a donné *Rapid Journeys across the Pampas*, 1826; *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*, *The Canadian Indians; The Life of Bruce, the African Traveller*, etc.

BER (Bishop Reginald), né en 1783, mort aux Indes en 1826. Heber a laissé : *Hymns, Songs, Sermons, Journey through India; Life of Jemery Taylor*, etc.

MANS (Mrs Felicia Dorothea, née Browne). Mrs. Hemans, née en 1793, à Liverpool, morte en 1835, a laissé un grand nombre de poésies lyriques. Ses poëmes les plus importants sont *The Sceptic; The Forest Sanctuary; Records of Woman.*

HERBERT (Rev. George), né en 1593, mort en 1632. Poésies morales et religieuse; George était frère du célèbre lord Herbert de Cherbury.

HERRICK (Rev. Robert), né en 1591, mort vers 1665-6. Poésies, le plus souvent sentimentales.

HERSCHELL (Sir John), *Discourses on the Study of natural Philosophy*, etc. Astronome distingué, fils du célèbre Herschell.

HERVEY (Rev. James), prédicateur éloquent, né en 1704, mort en 1758, publia en 1746 ses *Meditations among the Tombs*, ouvrage où brille, malgré l'afféterie du style, une sensibilité douce et mélancolique.

HOBBES (Thomas), né en 1588, à Malmesbury, comté de Wilts, mort en 1679. Hobbes a traduit Thucydide; son grand ouvrage, *Leviathan*, parut en 1651.

HOGG (James), né en 1772, en Écosse; mort en 1835. Hogg, appelé aussi *The Ettrick Shepherd*, débuta dans la vie comme simple berger. Il a laissé plusieurs poëmes dont le meilleur est *The Queen's Wake*, ainsi que des contes et des romans.

HOME (Rev. John), né en 1724, en Écosse; mort à Édimbourg en 1808. Home fut contraint de renoncer aux fonctions ecclésiastiques, pour avoir fait représenter en 1758 sa tragédie de *Douglas*, la seule de ses pièces qui ait réussi à la scène. Il a donné *Ascanius*, ou *History of the Rebellion in* 1745-6.

OOD (Thomas), littérateur bel esprit, né en 1798 à Londres; mort en 1848 : *Whims and Oddities*, en prose et en vers; *National Tales*, en prose; *Eugene Aram; Bridge of Sighs*, etc.

OWELL (James), né en 1596, mort en 1666, à Londres. Voyageur, et historiographe du roi Charles II, il est principalement connu par ses *Epistolæ Hovelianæ*, ou (Howell's) *Familiar Letters*, 1645.

HOWITT (Mrs. Mary) s'est fait un nom dans la littérature contemporaine par sa prose comme par ses vers.

HUME (David). Né en 1711, à Édimbourg, Hume y est mort en 1776. *History of England*, premier volume en 1745; *Essays; Treatis upon Human Nature*, etc.

HUNT (James Henry Leigh), poëte et littérateur contemporain. Né à Londres en 1784, Hunt a donné: *Story of Rimini*, poëme narratif; *A legend of Florence*, drame en prose; *Table Talk; Essays* articles de critique, etc.

I

IRVING (Washington), littérateur contemporain, né à New-York. *Salmagundi*, imitation du *Spectator* anglais; *History of New-York*, histoire burlesque; *Sketch Book; Tales of a Traveller;* le roman de *Bracebridge-Hall*, *The Alhambra*, *Voyage of Christopher Columbus*, etc.

J

JEFFERSON (Thomas), un des fondateurs de l'Indépendance américaine, et président des États-Unis; né dans la Virginie en 1743, mort en 1816. Auteur des *Notes upon Virginia*, etc.

JOHNSON (Dr. Samuel), né en 1709, mort à Londres en 1784. Johnson a composé, outre son Dictionnaire de la langue anglaise : *Tragedy of Irene; London, a satire*, 1738; *Rasselas*, 1759; *The Rembler, The Idler*, *Lives of the Poets*, etc.

JONES (Sir William), né en 1746, mort aux Indes en 1794. *Odes*, *Poems*. Orientaliste distingué, Jones a laissé plusieurs traductions du persan et du sanscrit.

JONSON (Ben ou Benjamin), né en 1574, à Londres; mort en 1637, soldat, acteur, puis auteur dramatique et poëte lauréat, Jonson a laissé des odes, des épigrammes, un grand nombre de pièces de théâtre, une grammaire anglaise, etc.

JUNIUS. On ne connaît pas encore le véritable auteur des lettres de Junius. Ces lettres, rédigées contre le ministère de lord North, ont paru à Londres, de 1769 à 1772, dans le *Public Advertiser*, journal politique.

K

KEATS (John), né en 1796, à Londres; mort en 1820, à Rome. Ce poëte a laissé *Endymion*, roman poétique; *Lamia; Eve of St. Agnes; Hyperion;* sonnets, épîtres, etc

KNOWLES (James Sheridan), acteur et auteur dramatique contemporain. Knowles, Irlandais de naissance, a débuté dans la carrière des lettres en 1820. *Virginius; William Tell*, tragédies; *The Hunchback; The Love Chase*, et autres comédies en vers blancs.

L

LAING (Malcolm), avocat écossais, né en 1764, mort en 1818; a composé *History of Scotland, from the Accession of James VI to the English throne, in* 1603, *till the Union of the two Kingdoms in* 1707. Laing fut le premier à battre en brèche l'authenticité des poésies d'Ossian, par Macpherson.

LAMB (Charles), né en 1775, à Londres; mort en 1834. Lamb nous a laissé *John Woodvil*, a drama, des poésies; *Essays of Elia*, etc.

LANDON (Letitia Élisabeth, plus tard Mrs. Maclean), née à Chelsea en 1802; morte en 1838, à Sierra Leone. Poésies sentimentales : *The Improvisatrice*, 1824, etc.

LANGHORNE (Rev. John), né en 1735, mort en 1779. *Fable of Flora; Solyman and Alemena, a Tale.* En prose : *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia; Plutarch's Lives.*

LAYARD (Henry), voyageur anglais contemporain, qui, de concert avec M. Batta, consul de France, a découvert les ruines de Ninive.

L'ESTRANGE (Sir Roger), né en 1616, mort en 1704. *Æsop's Fables; Translation of Josephus.* L'Estrange était journaliste et pamphlétaire.

LEYDEN (Dr. John), né en 1775, en Écosse; mort en 1811, à Java, *Scene of Infancy* et autres poëmes. Leyden était médecin et linguiste distingué.

LINGARD (Dr. John), mort en 1848. *History of England* jusqu'en 1688; histoire écrite au point de vue catholique.

LOCKE (John), né en 1632, dans le Somersetshire; mort en 1704. *Essay on the Human Understanding; Treatise upon Government*, tous deux en 1690; des ouvrages de philosophie et de didactique.

LOGAN (Rev. John), né en 1748, en Écosse; mort en 1788, à Londres. Poésies sentimentales; *Runnamede*, tragédie; et des sermons très-estimés.

LONGFELLOW (Henri Wadsworth), né en 1807, à Portland (États-Unis), auteur d'*Evangeline* et de poésies lyriques remarquables.

LOVELACE (Richard), né en 1618, mort en 1658. Poëte royaliste, Lovelace nous a laissé *Odes*, *Sonnets*, *Songs*, etc.

LYELL (Sir Charles), président de la société géologique de Londres. Lyell est né en Écosse vers la fin du dernier siècle; il nous a donné *Principles of Geology*, etc.

M

MACAULEY (Thomas Babington), littérateur contemporain. Poésie : *Lays of Rome; Ballads*, etc. Prose : *History of England;* discours historiques, articles et critique, etc.

MACKENZIE (Henry), né en 1745, en Écosse; mort en 1831. Romans : *Man of Feeling; Man of the World; Julia de Roubigné.* Littérature périodique : *The Louenger.* Nouvelles, etc.

MACKINTOSH (Sir James), né en 1765, en Écosse; mort en 1832, à Londres. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, en réponse aux *Réflexions* de Burke; *History of England;* articles de critique, lettres, discours.

MACPHERSON (James), né en 1738, en Écosse; mort en 1796. *Fingal* (prétendu poëme celtique), publié en 1762; Poésies d'Ossian.

MALCOLM (Sir John), né en 1769, en Écosse; mort en 1833. *History of Persia; Sketches of Persia; Life of Lord Clive*, etc.

MALLET (David), né en 1700, en Écosse, mort en 1765, *William and Margaret*, ballade; des pièces de théâtre; *Life of Bacon*, etc.

MANDEVILLE (Sir John), mort en 1372. Ce voyageur nous a laissé : *Account of Travels in the East*, etc.

MARLOWE (Christophe), précurseur de Shakspeare, né à Cantorbéry en 1562, mort vers 1593. Ses principaux drames sont : *Doctor Faustus*, *Edward II.* Marlowe a traduit du grec l'Enlèvement d'Hélène, Héro et Léandre, etc.

MARVELL (Andrew), né en 1620, mort en 1678. Ami de Milton, Marvell nous a laissé *Miscellaneous Poetry*, des satires, des discours politiques, etc.

MASON (Rev. William), né en 1725, mort en 1797. *The English Garden*, poëme descriptif et didactique; *Elfrida,* tragédie; élégies.

MASSINGER (Philip), né en 1584, mort en 1640. Massinger a écrit beaucoup de drames et de tragédies. Sa pièce la plus connue est *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, comédie en vers blancs.

MELMOTH (William), né en 1710, mort en 1799. Melmoth, prosateur élégant, nous a donné *Fitzosborne's Letters; Cicero's Letters*, etc.

MERRICK (James), né en 1720, mort en 1769. *Fables, Psalms*, etc.

MICKLE (Wm. Julius), né en 1734, en Écosse; mort en 1788, près d'Oxford. *Camoens' Lusiad; Ballads.* Sa traduction des Lusiades est précédée de *The History of the Discovery of India; Progress and Fall of the Portuguese E*

MIDDLETON (Rev. Dr. Conyers), né en 1683, mort en 1750. *Life of Cicero*; articles de critique et de polémique; lettres, etc.

ILMAN (Rev. Henry Hart), né en 1791. Poëte contemporain. Milman a écrit *Fazio*, tragédie, 1818, *Fall of Jerusalem; Samor*, et plusieurs autres poëmes. Comme prosateur, il a écrit : *History of Christianity*, etc

LTON (John), né en 1608, à Londres; mort en 1674. *Paradise Lost*, son chef-d'œuvre, 1667; *Paradise Regained*, 1770; *Samson Agonistes*, tragédie mêlée de chœurs, même année; *Comus; Lycidas*, etc. Milton a aussi composé des ouvrages de polémique en latin et en anglais.

MITFORD (Miss Mary Russel), née en 1789, morte en 1855, s'est fait remarquer dans la littérature par plusieurs ouvrages en vers et en prose; par ses tragédies : *Julian*, 1823; *Rienzi; The Vespers of Palermo*, et par son joli roman *Our Village, Stories of American Life*, etc.

MONTAGUE (Lady Mary Wortley), née en 1690, dans le comté de Nottingham; morte en 1762. *Letters, Poems.*

MONTGOMERY (James), né en 1771, à Irvine en Écosse, mort à Sheffield en 1854. Il a écrit plusieurs poëmes : *The Wanderers of Switzerland*, 1806; *The West Indies; The World before the Flood; The Pelican Island;* et des poésies religieuses.

MOORE (Edward), mort en 1757, a laissé un recueil de fables, ainsi que quelques pièces de théâtre.

MOORE (Thomas), né en 1780, à Dublin; mort en 1851, en Angleterre. *Odes and Epistles*, 1806; *Little Poems*, 1808; *Irish Melodies*, 1813; *Lalla Rookh*, 1817. Moore a donné *A Life of Lord Byron.*

MORE (Sir Thomas), né en 1480, décapité en 1535. *History of King Richard III;* des lettres, et l'*Utopia*, ouvrage latin traduit en anglais par l'évêque Burnet.

MORE (Mrs. Hannah), née en 1745, morte en 1833. Mrs. More a écrit en vers et en prose : *Sacred dramas;* poésies, lettres; *Cælebs* roman moral, etc.

ORGAN (Lady, née Owenson). Irlandaise, Lady Morgan débuta dans la carrière par *The Wild Irish Girl* et autres romans; elle donna en 1821 son *Italy;* plus tard *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.* Elle s'est fait connaître comme poëte par *The Lay of the Irish Harp* et autres mélodies irlandaises.

MOSS (Rev. Thomas), mort en 1808, a publié en 1769 des poésies diverses; il n'est plus guère connu que par *The Beggar's Petition.*

N

EWTON (Sir Isaac), né en 1642, dans le comté de Lincoln; mort en 1727, le plus grand génie de l'Angleterre, a expliqué le système du monde, et partage avec Leibnitz la gloire des plus belles découvertes modernes.

NORTON (Thomas), né dans le comté de Bedfort, écrivait vers 1553, et exerçait la profession d'avocat; il a donné une traduction en vers des Psaumes.

O

OPIE (Mrs. Amelia), femme du peintre Opie, morte il y a quelques années, est née en 1770, à Norwich. *Father and Daughter*, roman, 1801; *Tales of the Heart*, etc., etc.; un volume de poésies.

OTWAY (Thomas), né en 1651, mort en 1685. *Venice preserved*, la plus belle tragédie d'Otway, parut en 1682.

OVERBURY (Sir Thomas), né en 1581, mort empoisonné dans la Tour de Londres, en 1613. Poëmes : *The Wife, the Choice of a Wife.* Overbury a aussi écrit en prose : *Characters.*

P

PALEY (Rev. William), né en 1743, mort en 1805. *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, 1800; *Natural Theology*, 1802, etc.

PARK (Mungo), voyageur écossais émule de Bruce. Né en 1771, mort en Afrique en 1805, Park fit paraître la narration de son premier voyage en 1799.

PARNELL (Thomas), né en 1679, à Dublin; mort en 1718 à Chester. Son principal poëme est *The Hermit;* il a aussi donné *Fairy Tales, Eclogues*, etc.

PENN (William), quaker et fondateur de la Pennsylvanie, né en 1644, à Londres, y est mort en 1718. *No Cross no Crown*, et autres ouvrages religieux.

PEPYS (Samuel), secrétaire de l'amirauté sous les rois Charles II et Jacques II. *Diary*, ou journal des événements contemporains depuis 1659 jusqu'en 1669. Publiés pour la première fois en 1825

PHILIPS (John), né en 1676, mort en 1708. *Pomona, or Cider; The Splendid Shilling* (poëmes); des odes, des poésies légères, etc.

PHILIPS (Ambrose), né en 1671, mort en 1749. *The Distrest Mother*, tragédie, 1711; *The Briton*, 1721; des poésies pastorales, etc.

PITT (William), fils de William Pitt, premier comte de Chatham,

né en 1758, à Hayes, dans le comté de Kent, est mort en 1806, près de Londres. *Parliamentary Speeches.*

POPE (Alexander), né en 1688, dans Lombard-street, Londres mort en 1744. *Pastorals*, *Essay on Criticism*, 1709; *Rape of th Lock*, 1711; *Windsor Forest*, 1713; *The Iliad*, 1718; *The Odyssey*, 1725; *Dunciad*, 1728; *Essay on Man*, 1733; des odes, des épîtres, des satires.

PRINGLE (Thomas), Écossais, est mort au cap de Bonne-Espérance il y a une vingtaine d'années. Secrétaire de l'association anglaise pour l'abolition de l'esclavage, Pringle a laissé plusieurs petits poëmes fort gracieux.

PRIOR (Matthew), né en 1644, mort en 1721. *Solomon*, poëme religieux et didactique : *Alina*, poëme comique en trois chants; des contes, des épigrammes.

PROCTER (Bryan Waller), poëte contemporain. *Dramatic Scenes*, 1815; *Sicilian Story, Marcian Colonna, Mirandola*, 1821; *The Flood of Thessaly;* des odes, des chansons, etc.

Q

QUARLES (Francis), né en 1592, mort en 1644, a donné les drames *the Royal Proselyte*, *the Virgin Widow;* des poésies, principalement religieuses. Quarles a publié en prose l'*Enchiridion*, ou Manuel de Morale, etc.

R

RADCLIFFE (Anne), célèbre auteur du roman *Mysteries of Udolpho*, morte en 1823. Elle a aussi laissé quelques petites compositions en vers.

RALEIGH (Sir Walter), né en 1552, décapité en 1618, *History of the World*, des essais politiques, des poésies, etc.

RAWLINSON (Colonel), archéologue anglais contemporain, auteur de travaux remarquables sur les inscriptions de Persépolis et de Ninive.

REYNOLDS (Sir Joshua), peintre célèbre, né en 1723, mort en 1792, à Londres. Comme président de la Société royale des Arts, Reynolds nous a donné *Discourses on the Fine Arts.*

ROBERTSON (Rev. Dr. William), né en 1721, en Écosse; mort en 1793. *History of Scotland*, *History of Charles V*, etc.

ROCHESTER (Wilmot, Earl of), né en 1647, mort en 1680. Poésies et traductions; lettres familières.

ROGERS (Samuel), né en 1762, près de Londres, mort en 1855. Banquier et poëte distingué, Rogers a écrit : *Ode to Superstition*, et autres poëmes, 1786; *The Pleasures of Memory.*

Epistle to a Friend et autres poëmes; *The Voyage of Columbus*, 1812; *Jaqueline, Human Life*, *Italy;* poésies diverses.

OSCOMMON (Dillon, Earl of), né en 1633. à Dublin; mort en 1684. Éloges, traductions en vers. Ses poésies, peu nombreuses, ont été réunies à celles de Rochester, Dorset, etc.

ROWE (Nicolas), né en 1673, mort en 1710. Tragédies : *Tamerlane, Lady Jane Gray*, *Jane Shore*, etc. Rowe a donné une traduction en vers de la *Pharsale* de Lucain.

RUSSELL (William), littérateur contemporain, connu par quelques poésies légères.

S

SCOTT (Sir Walter), né en 1771, à Edimbourg; mort en 1832, à Abbotsford. *Versified Translations from the German*, 1796-1799; *Border Minstrelsy*, 1802-3; *Sir Tristam*, 1804; *Last Minstrel*, etc. Scott donna son premier roman en prose, *Waverley*, en 1814, suivi, comme on sait, d'une foule d'autres. Il a laissé un grand nombre d'articles de critique, de biographie et d'histoire.

SHAFTESBURY (Ashley Cooper, Earl of), né en 1671, à Londres; mort en 1713, à Naples. *Characteristics*, ouvrage en prose, 1711.

SHAKSPEARE (William), né en 1564, à Stratford-upon-Avon, dans le Warwickshire; mort en 1616. Acteur et auteur dramatique, Shakspeare a laissé des poëmes; *Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *Rape of Lucretia* 1594; *Sonnets*, 1609. Ses admirables pièces de théâtre, comédies, drames et tragédies, s'élèvent au nombre de quarante-deux.

SHELLEY (Percy Bysshe). Né dans le Sussex en 1792, Shelley périt sur mer, près de Livourne, en 1822. Poëmes : *Queen Mab*, 1810; *The Revolt of Islam; Alastor; Adonais; Prometheus Unbound* et *Hellas*, drames lyriques; *The Cenci*, tragédies; poésies diverses, etc.

SHENSTONE (William), né en 1714, mort en 1763. *The Judgment of Hercules;* 1740; *The Schoolmistress*, 1741. Shenstone a laissé des élégies, des poésies pastorales, des lettres, etc.

SHERIDAN (Richard Brinslsy), né en 1751, à Dublin; mort en 1816. Pièces de théâtre : *The Rivals ; St. Patrick's Day; The Duenna ; The Trip to Scarborough ; The School for Scandal*, 1777, etc.; *Parleamentary Speeches*.

SHIRLEY (James), né en 1596 à Londres. Shirley fit paraître en

1646 un volume de poésies mêlées ; puis une trentaine de pièces de théâtre, commentées depuis par Gifford.

SIDNEY (Sir Philipp), né en 1554, à Penshurst, Kent, fut blessé mortellement à la bataille de Zutphen, en 1586. Sidney a laissé des sonnets; des chansons; *The Arcadia*, roman en prose ; *Defence of Poesy*, etc.

SIGOURNEY (Mrs. Lydia, née Huntley). Mrs. Sigourney, née en 1791 dans le Connecticut, a inauguré aux États-Unis la poésie lyrique et religieuse.

SMITH (Adam), né en 1723, en Écosse; mort en 1790. Œuvres : *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, 1759; *Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, 1776.

SMITH (Horace et James, frères), James est mort en 1839. Horace, qui vient de mourir, a publié plusieurs nouvelles et romans historiques très-estimés. *The Rejected Addresses*, œuvre poétique des deux frères, oiseaux moqueurs de la poésie anglaise, parut en 1812.

SMITH (Rev. Sidney), né en 1769, mort en 1845, était chanoine de Saint-Paul, à Londres. Il a publié deux volumes de sermons, et fut l'un des plus spirituels collaborateurs de *The Edinburgh Review*, qu'il avait contribué à fonder.

SMOLLETT (Tobias George), né en 1721, en Écosse ; mort en 1771, à Livourne. *The Regicide*, tragédie ; *Reprisals*, farce ; *History of England* ; les romans de *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, etc.; des poésies lyriques.

SOUTHEY (Robert), né en 1744, à Bristol ; mort en 1843, dans le Cumberland. Poëmes : *Joan of Arc*, 1795 ; *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*; *Botany Bay Eclogues; Thalaba; Madoc; Curse of Kehama; Roderick, the Last of the Goths;* poésies lyriques, odes, ballades, etc. Ouvrages en prose : *The Doctor* ; *Omniana;* mélanges, etc. Southey est mort poëte lauréat.

SOUTHWELL (Robert), poëte moraliste, né en 1560, dans le Norfolk, fut pendu à Londres, en 1595, pour un prétendu complot contre la religion de l'État. Southwell était catholique et de l'ordre des jésuites.

SPENSER (Edmund), né en 1554, à Londres; mort en 1598. Poésies pastorales : *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579 ; *Mother Hubbard's Tale;* le poëme *The Fairy Queen*, 1589-90. Spenser a laissé des petits poëmes, des sonnets, des élégies, et un ouvrage en prose : *View of the State of Ireland.*

SPRAT (Dr. Thomas), évêque de Rochester, né en 1636, mort en 1713. *History of the Royal Society*, *Life of Cowley*, 1668.

STEELE (Sir Richard), né en 1676, à Dublin ; mort en 1729, dans

le pays de Galles. Steele écrivait dans *The Tatler, The Spectator*; *The Guardian*. Il a laissé plusieurs pièces de théâtre, entre autres *The Conscious Lovers*, comédie imitée de Térence.

STERNE (Lawrence), né en 1713, en Irlande; mort en 1768, à Londres. Sterne fit paraître en 1759 la première partie de son *Tristram Shandy;* il nous a laissé *The Sentimental Journey;* des sermons, etc.

STEWART (Professor Dugald), né en 1753, à Édimbourg; mort en 1828. *The Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 1792, 1813, 1827; *Philosophical Essays*, *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, etc.

STOWE (Mrs. Harriett Beecher), née aux États-Unis, a fait paraître récemment le roman moral *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, touchante protestation contre l'esclavage.

SUCKLING (Sir John), né en 1608, mort en 1641. Ballades, poésies lyriques, élégies, etc.

SURREY (Henry, Earl of), né en 1516, décapité en 1547, par ordre de Henri VIII. Poésies sacrées, poésies légères. Surrey a le premier employé les vers blancs ou vers non rimés dans une traduction des livres II et IV de l'*Énéide.*

SWAIN (Charles), auteur contemporain, résidant à Manchester; poésies diverses.

SWIFT (Dr. Jonathan), né en 1697, en Irlande; mort en 1745, dans une maison d'aliénés fondée par lui-même. *Tale of a Tub*, 1704: *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726. Swift a beaucoup écrit en prose et en vers.

T

TAYLOR (Bishop Jeremy), aumônier de Charles Ier, est né en 1613, à Cambridge; il est mort en 1667. Œuvres : *The Golden Grove*, *Holy Living and Holy Dying; Twenty-Seven Sermons for the Summer Half-year; Liberty of Prophesying*, etc.

TEMPLE (Sir William), né en 1628, à Londres; mort en 1698. Homme d'État remarquable, Temple a laissé : *Observations upon the United Provinces; Essay on the Origin and Nature of Government; Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning*, etc.

TENNYSON (Alfred), contemporain, né dans le comté de Lincoln. Successeur de Wordsworth comme poëte lauréat, Tennyson a publié des poésies diverses.

THOMSON (James), né en 1700, en Écosse; mort en 1748, à Richmond. Poëmes : *The Seasons*, 1728; *Liberty*, 1732; *Castle of Indolence*, 1748. Thomson a aussi laissé des tragédies : *Tancred and Sigismunda: Sophonisba; Agamemnon*, etc.

THRALE (Mrs. Hester, plus tard Mrs. Piozzi), née en 1740, dans le pays de Galles; morte en 1822. Poésies : *The Three Warnings; The Florence Miscellany*, ainsi que des lettres, un traité des synonymes anglais, etc.

TICKELL (Thomas), né en 1686, mort en 1740. Tickell écrivit dans le *Spectator*, et dans le *Guardian*. Poésies : *Elegy on the Death of Addison; Ballad of Colin and Lucy.*

TILLOTSON (John, Archbishop), né en 1630, mort en 1694. *Sermons.*

TOPHAM publia d'abord dans la revue *The World* la biographie intéressante de l'avare Elwes, le millionnaire et l'harpagon anglais, mort misérablement en 1789.

W

WADE (John), littérateur contemporain. *British History chronologically arranged; History of the Middle and Working Classes*, etc.

WALLER (Edmund), né en 1605, mort en 1687. Poëmes : *A Panegyric on the Lord Protector*, etc. ; poésies légères, chansons, etc.

WALPOLE (Horace). Horace, fils du ministre whig Sir Robert Walpole, naquit en 1717, devint comte d'Oxford en 1791, et mourut en 1797. Œuvres : *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, 1758. *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, 1761; *Castle of Otranto*, 1765; mémoires, correspondances, etc.

WALTON (Isaac), né en 1583, mort en 1683, occupa longtemps une boutique de mercier à Londres. Walton fit paraître en 1653 son ouvrage le plus connu *The Complete Angler*, ou parfait pêcheur à la ligne; il est d'ailleurs auteur de plusieurs biographies assez remarquables.

WARBURTON (Elias), prosateur et voyageur, a péri tout récemment sur un bateau à vapeur. *The Cross and the Crescent; Hochelaga, or Canadian Manners*, etc.

WARTON (Thomas), né en 1728, mort en 1790. Professeur de poésie à l'université d'Oxford, et poëte lauréat en 1785, Warton a laissé des poésies légères, des odes, des sonnets, et *A History of English Poetry*, qui s'arrête après le siècle d'Élisabeth.

WATTS (Rev. Isaac), né en 1674, mort en 1748. Poésies lyriques et didactiques, le plus souvent d'un caractère religieux.

WHEWELL (Rev. William). Principal de Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whewell a publié en 1837, *History of the Inductive Sciences*, puis *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History; Astronomy and General Physics*, etc.

WHITE (Henry Kirke), né en 1785, mort en 1806. Poëmes : *Clifto*

Grove, etc., 1803. La plupart de ses poésies ont paru après sa mort.

WILLIS (N. P.), né aux États-Unis, poëte lyrique contemporain.

WILSON (Thomas), mort en 1581. Wilson fit ses études à King's College, Cambridge, et fut chargé de plusieurs ambassades en Écosse et dans les Pays-Bas. Son *Art of Rhetoric* parut dès 1553.

WILSON (Alexander), né en 1766, à Paisley, en Écosse; mort en 1813, en Amérique. Tisserand et colporteur, Wilson se fit d'abord connaître comme poëte écossais par *Watty and Meg*, etc. Le premier volume de son *American Ornithology*, parut en 1808.

WILSON (John). Né en 1788, à Paisley en Écosse, mort en 1854, Wilson était professeur de philosophie morale à l'université d'Édimbourg, et principal rédacteur du *Blackwood's Magazine*. Ses principaux poëmes sont *The Isle of Palms*, 1812; *The City of the Plague*. Wilson a écrit aussi des romans : *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *Trials of Margaret Lynsay*, 1823, etc.

WITHER (George), né en 1588, mort en 1667. Satires et poésies : *Abuses stript and whipt*, 1613; *The Shepherd's Hunting; Emblems*, 1635; poésies légères, etc.

WOLCOT (Dr. John), médecin, mieux connu sous le pseudonyme de Peter Pindar; né en 1738, mort en 1819. Wolcot fit paraître, dans l'intervalle de 1788 à 1808, une soixantaine de pamphlets en vers, la plupart dirigés contre le roi George III. Nous avons de Wolcot *The Lousiad*, poëme héroï-comique, avec une foule de ballades et de contes en vers.

WOLFE (Rev. Charles), né en 1791, à Dublin; mort en 1823. Le *Burial of Sir John Moore* parut en 1817 dans un journal irlandais.

WORDSWORTH (William), né en 1770, dans le Cumberland; mort en 1850. Poëmes: *Evening Walk*, etc., 1793; *Lyrical Ballads; The Excursion*, 1814. Wordsworth est mort poëte lauréat.

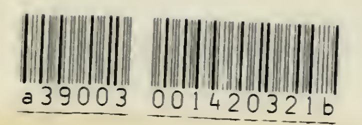
WYATT (Sir Thomas), né en 1503, mort en 1541. Poésies, sonnets satires, etc.

Y

OUNG (Rev. Edward), né en 1681, mort en 1765. Courtisan autant que poëte, Young ne composa que fort tard son poëme, *Night Thoughts*, 1742. Nous avons de Young; *Love of Fame the Universal Passion*, satire; *The Last Day*, paraphrase du livre b; trois tragédies : *Busiris*, *The Revenge*, *The Brothers*.

FIN.

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